THE BYSTANDER
Vol. C.—No. 1297

OCTOBER 24, 1928

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The BYSTANDER

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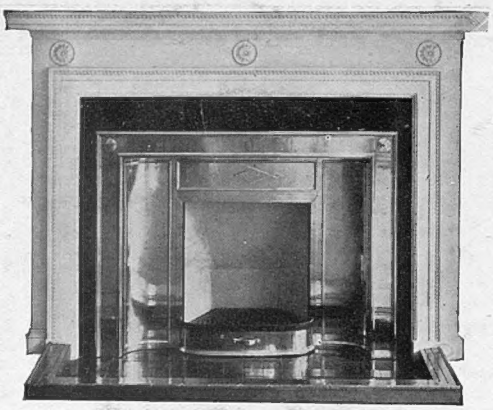

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The Bystander, October 24, 1928 No. 1297. Vol. C

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

A RISING STAR IN ENGLAND

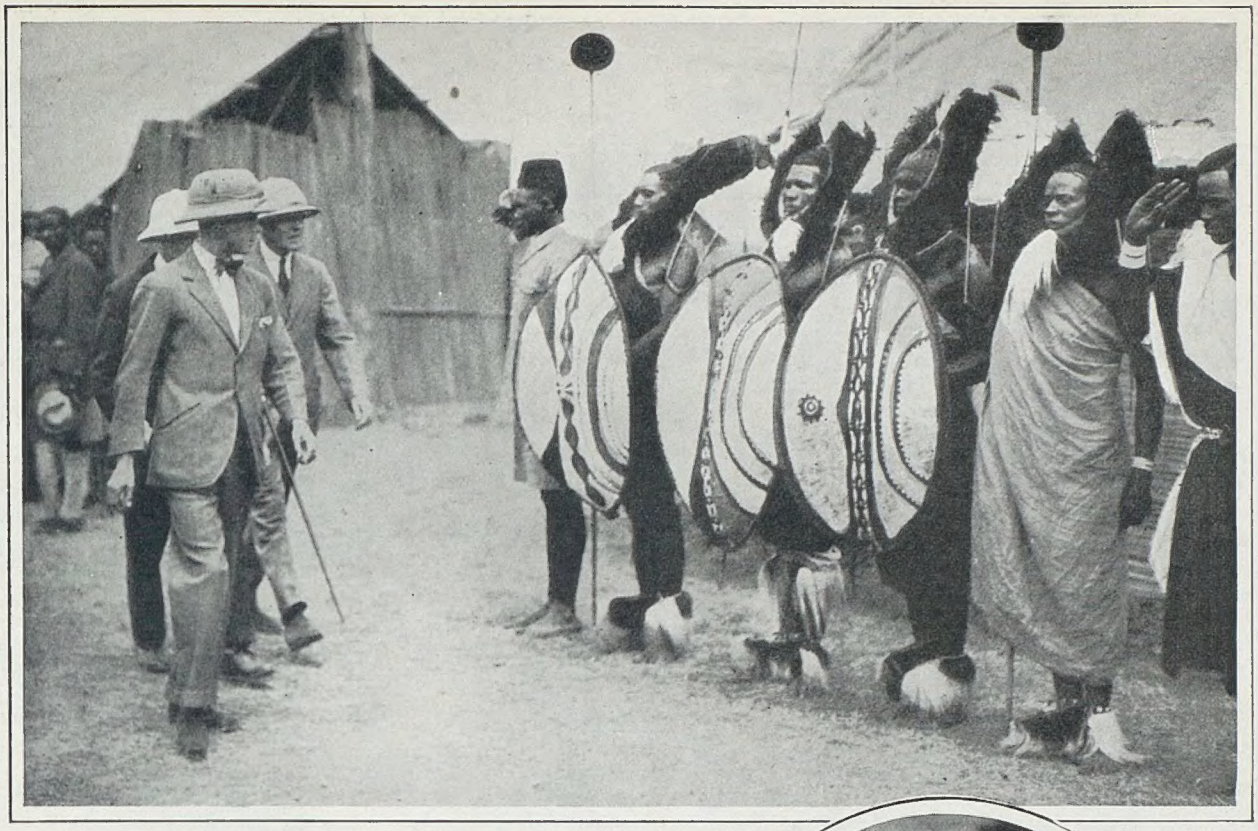
Only a short time ago Miss Gillian Dean, whose portrait this is, was doing crowd work in English films. To-day she is playing leading rôles at Elstree, and has just finished starring in "Adam's Apple." As she is only 17, it is reasonable to predict a very bright screen future for her

A Famous Golfer Caught in the Act

BY H. H. HARRIS

ARTHUR HAVERS

The style of the popular professional of Coombe Hill Golf Club has been very happily caught in this sketch. The ease and grace of his follow-through are particularly noticeable



AN IMPOSING GUARD OF HONOUR

The Prince of Wales inspects Kikuyu chiefs and elders on his arrival at Nairobi. Although they retain their native ceremonial garb, the Western salute seems to be coming into use

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Royal Christmas Shopping

THE time in London after the Court comes down from Balmoral and before it goes to Sandringham is an especially busy one for the Queen. It is then that Her Majesty arranges her Christmas presents and does the bulk of her Christmas shopping.

A large number of the articles of *bric-à-brac* which the Queen buys so constantly in the antique shops are destined for members of her family or for friends who have tastes in that direction, as are also the pictures the Queen buys when she goes to exhibitions. But beyond these the Queen's list is a lengthy one, and many visits are needed to shops before the mark appears against every name upon it, showing that all the presents have been chosen.

If all women were as businesslike as the Queen when she goes a-shopping the lot of the shop assistant would be an easy one. Her Majesty when she goes into a shop knows exactly what she wants, and also the price she wishes to pay. If article or price is not what she wants, the Queen cannot be beguiled, as so many women are, into buying something else. The bills, which are paid immediately, must accompany all articles bought when they are sent to Buckingham Palace.

Neither Queen Victoria nor Queen Alexandra ever enjoyed the delights of Christmas shopping in real shops. In Queen Alexandra's time certain tradesmen received orders to send a selection of presents to Buckingham Palace. These were all arranged, rather like a bazaar, in one room, the price clearly marked on each article, and Queen Alexandra went round and made her choice.

Photographs **WITH HIS HOSTESS** *I.B.*

The Duke of Gloucester with Lady Grigg, wife of Sir Edward Grigg, Governor of Kenya. The photograph was taken during the procession on the arrival of the two Princes at Nairobi

The Ministerial Bricklayer

"WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, Westerham, Kent. Occupation—bricklayer." Such is the description of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in red ink on the

Central News

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S

Mr. John Granville Morrison, only son of Mr. Hugh Morrison, M.P., and Lady Mary Morrison, photographed leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after his marriage to the Hon. Margaret Smith. She was given away by her brother, Viscount Hambleden

card which admits him to membership of the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers. And what a fuss and clatter people are making about it! If Mr. Churchill, after helping to build a cottage on his property at Westerham, wants to join a bricklayers' union and pay ninepence a week for the privilege, why shouldn't he? He may have to "down tools" whilst building another cottage if a strike takes place, and be treated as a blackleg if he goes on laying bricks. But that is his affair, too!

Distinguished people are made members of City Companies every year. No jests or comments are made when such folk are received into the Guilds of the Carpenters, Mercers, Fanmakers, or Goldsmiths Companies, so why should Mr. Churchill be a subject for raillery because he has joined a trade union? We all have our little fads.

A Woman Goldsmith

SPEAKING of the Goldsmiths Company, I have often wondered why that body did not make Princess Jean Sapieha a member in the days when she was Countess Amherst. At that time she was an expert goldsmith.

The Princess is, I think, the only woman in the Peerage who has been twice an English countess, and is now a Serene Highness. She married first, and as his second wife, the fifth Earl of Lisburne, and, after his death, the late Earl Amherst. It was whilst she was Lady Amherst that the Princess took up the making of gold plate. A room in the basement at Montreal, near Sevenoaks, was fitted up with a furnace and all the necessities—these included a plentiful supply of water—for the goldsmith's craft.

In Lord Amherst's possession was a gold Elizabethan dessert plate. This his wife copied, making a set of twenty-four, which were always used at dinner-parties at Montreal. The work was very strenuous, and had to be carried out in gum-boots because of the amount of water required in one part of the process.

At one time Princess Jean Sapieha was in the unusual position of being aunt by marriage to her own stepson, and having a sister who was also Countess of Lisburne. The explanation was that the two sisters married respectively the fifth and sixth Earls of Lisburne, and that the sixth earl was the son of the fifth by his first marriage.

Keystone

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. Edmond Joly de Lotbinière photographed with his bride, the Hon. Elizabeth Jolliffe, daughter of Lord and Lady Hylton, after their wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square. Mr. Joly de Lotbinière is in the Royal Engineers and is the elder son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Joly de Lotbinière

Lafayette

AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT

Miss Mary Frances Lyttelton, only daughter of the late Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and of the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton. She is to marry Sir George Lillie Craik, eldest son of the late Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Craik and the late Lady Craik

Hay Wrightson

MISS MARY JOSEPHINE CHILD

Who is to be married to-day (Wednesday) to Mr. J. Sydney Tillotson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lever Tillotson, late of Bidston Court, Birkenhead. Miss Child is a kinswoman of the Earl of Jersey, and Mr. J. Sydney Tillotson is a cousin of Lord Leverhulme, and a nephew of Sir William Alexander

"The Sins of Society"

POOR Society! In cycles of about every thirty years or so the parsons find its sins have become a deeper scarlet than ever before, and sit up and tell Society—and all the rest of the

Topical

THE FIELD RETURNS IN SEARCH OF LUNCH

AT THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS

They were held at Maresfield Park, Uckfield, Sussex

British Illus.

MRS. ABBEY, MR. FOSTER, LADY URSULA ABBEY AND CAPT. R. E. C. ESCOMBE

world—exactly what they think of it. Two points in these recurrent attacks on those who, according to the parsons, "toil not, neither do they spin," are invariably the same. One is that the charges never vary; the other that the churches where the charges are made are invariably crowded. Society and a large number of other people dearly love to see Society under the lash, and, as the late Father Bernard Vaughan discovered, nothing is such a certain "draw" as fulminations from the pulpit against the "goings on" in high places. And there is a third similarity. These castigations never make the least difference. Society goes on just the same simply because it isn't half as black as it is painted.

This time an amusing note has been struck, quite unconsciously, by one of the flagellators. He contrasts Society of to-day with Society in a certain Victorian period, greatly to the glory of the latter. But in that very period Society received one of its periodical lashings from the pulpit, and was declared to be thoroughly rotten and leading straight for the bottomless pit!

Then and Now

It was just about that period, too, that the parsons and old-fashioned parents started a hare which was just as thrilling as "sins." This was the attitude of daughters to life. Shingled hair and short skirts have never had such scarification as those young women who made the first efforts at what used to be called "the emancipation of women." They were held up to scorn and contumely in the pulpits and newspapers under the name of "The Girl of the Period." Fathers wrote to *The Times* for suggestions as to what they should do with daughters who demanded latchkeys. Mothers over the teacups prophesied the end of "home life" in the future through "all this gadding about" and the "dreadful independence of the girl of to-day." That was a good forty years ago!

These critics of Society declare that those in the first flight set the fashion for the succeeding degrees below them, and that the increased love of amusement amongst all ranks is due to a pernicious example filtering down from above. But surely this is a mistake.

Isn't the increase in the seeking of amusement the expression of our democratic age? Mrs. Trotkins in Camberwell doesn't go two nights a week to the cinema and one night a week to a dance hall because Lady Little McBig in Mayfair goes to theatres and balls. She goes because she wants to be amused, and now has opportunities which didn't exist in her grandmother's time.

Topical

BIRLING JAMES OF SOMERSBY RETRIEVING

Peers and Their Estates

"These things always adjust themselves," was the famous remark of a statesman when the injustice

of one of his measures towards certain sections of the community was pointed out to him. Death duties press most heavily on large landed proprietors, and the Earl of Leicester, in making his estates at Holkham and Burnham into a company, is yet another instance of the truth of the statesman's remark.

Some little time ago the Duke of Portland in a public speech said that as matters stand to-day he doubted if his successor would be able to live at Welbeck Abbey; but now the Portland estates have been made into a company. So have those of the Dukes of Devonshire, Marlborough, Grafton, Buccleuch, Montrose, Rutland, and Sutherland. Amongst the marquesses Lord Northampton, Lord Linlithgow, and Lord Zetland have followed the same course, as also Lord Derby and Lord Rosebery amongst the earls; and there are several others besides.

Some peers have handed over portions of their property to their eldest sons in their lifetime in order to avoid death duties. A year or two ago Lord Rosebery made over Mentmore, the palace in Buckinghamshire, which came to him with his wife, the heiress of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, to his heir, Lord Dalmeny. But there is always the risk of the giver's death before the statutory period of three years making this arrangement ineffective. On the other hand, an estate may be saved from a forced sale or a crushing burden through death duties by being turned into a company. The first peer to turn his estate into a company was, I believe, the father of the late Earl of Warwick.

British Illus.

A YOUNG EQUESTRIENNE

Miss Jackie Hance, the twelve-year-old daughter of Capt. Hance, who has been invited to compete at the New York Horse Show. She is seen here with Silver King

Sport and General

WELL HIT, SIR!

Mr. D. R. Jardine, who has had the honour of scoring the first century on the M.C.C. tour in Australia. This was his first appearance on Australian soil and was in the first innings against Western Australia, at Perth

Royal Visit to Elveden

FOR many years the King paid a shooting visit to the late Earl of Iveagh at Elveden Hall, in Suffolk, a house which formerly belonged to the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and was decorated by him with Oriental magnificence. Many traces of this decoration still remain, especially in the hall, which is of white marble.

This year the King will pay his customary visit to Lord Iveagh's son and successor, and for the first time will be accompanied by the Queen. As in the late Lord Iveagh's London house, which has now been bought by the Ladies' Carlton Club, nothing has been touched for many years at Elveden. Lord and Lady Iveagh, therefore, have been very busy during the past few months redecorating some of the principal rooms in anticipation of the King and Queen's visit there.

L.N.A.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE

Lieut.-Commander H. C. MacDonald, whose gallant attempt to cross the Atlantic in a light Gypsy-Moth De Havilland 85 h.p. single-seater 'plane has stirred the world. Up to the time of going to press no news has been received of this intrepid British aviator

A Golden Wedding

AN interesting golden wedding this month is that of the Earl and Countess of Dartrey, who celebrate the occasion in Hungary, where they are staying with their youngest daughter, Lady Eleanor, who married an Hungarian nobleman *en secondes noces*. Lord Dartrey was sixty-five when he succeeded his brother eight years ago. Lady Dartrey holds the premier barony of England—that of de Ros—in her own right, and as she has no son her three daughters are co-heiresses.

FINALISTS AT WORPLESDON *Central Press*

The finalists in the recent Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon, which were won by Miss Wethered and Mr. J. S F. Morrison (right) by 2 up. Mr. E. Noel Clayton (left), Mrs. Gold, Miss Wethered, and Mr. J. S. F. Morrison

Corsica and "Bandits"

PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE, I hear, is going to pay a second visit to Corsica this autumn. "Give a dog a bad name," etc. You have only to mention the word Corsica and people immediately begin to talk about bandits. And *à propos* of Mr. Eddie Marsh's recent unlucky adventure in the island, I noticed one newspaper spoke of the place in which he lost his way as a "bandit infested region."

News Illus.

WATCHING THE HORSES

Mrs. Beatty and Lord Dalmeny taking a keen interest in horseflesh. They are seen at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sale.

Ian Smith

IN SCOTLAND

A photograph taken at the Earl of Haddington's seat, Tyninghame, Prestonkirk, showing the Countess of Minto (left), the Countess of Haddington, Mrs. Baird, Colonel Fyfe-Jamieson, and Mrs. Adair watching the dogs depart for the Scottish Retriever Trials. These were held on the Earl of Haddington's estate at Mellerstain

News Illus.

IN SEARCH OF WINNERS

Three optimistic young people set out armed with race cards to find a few good winners at the Uttoxeter 'chases. They are Miss Violet Johnson, the Hon. Diana Allsopp, and Miss Nancy Johnson

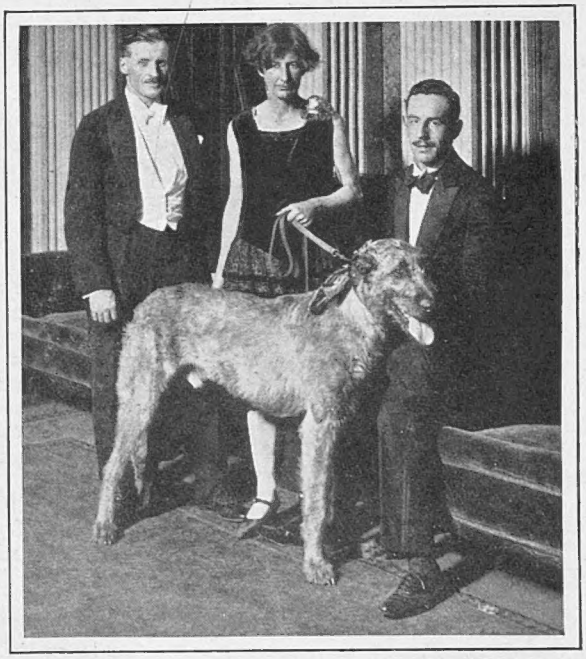
If you had ever been to Corsica—one of the loveliest islands in Europe—you would know that not only are the "bandits" very few and far between, but also that they would never harm you or any other foreigner if you chanced to come across them—and that is most unlikely.

The Corsican "bandit" is generally the victim of an age-long custom called the vendetta. Family quarrels go on from generation to generation. Sometimes these quarrels burst out afresh and someone is killed. It then becomes the duty of the son—or brother if there is no son—of the victim to shoot the murderer. Having fulfilled this family duty he takes to the *maquis* to avoid arrest by the police. He lurks in secret hiding-places, knowing that he will be shot by the next-of-kin on the other side if he ventures to his home. Food is placed for him by his family and friends near his refuge, and there he remains until either he can escape to the mainland or is shot, or is arrested by the gendarmes. The Corsican phrase is "to take to the *maquis*," and it means the end of the "bandit" either one way or the other.

Real "Bandits"

THE *maquis*, which nearly proved fatal to Mr. Marsh, is one of the delights of Corsica. It is a thick undergrowth—which grows right up to the top of even high mountains—of cystus, wild myrtle, juniper, arbutus, blackthorn, mastic, Mediterranean heath, blackberry, clematis, rosemary, ferns, honeysuckle, wild lavender, and amaryllis. To foreigners it is practically impassable, but there are secret paths everywhere through it, known only to the islanders. The scent, especially in the springtime, is delicious — pungent and aromatic.

But it's a libel to describe Corsica as "bandit infested." Your Bystander has ridden twice round from one end of the island to the other, and was introduced by his guide to two "bandits," both of whom were in the *maquis* because of vendetta, but all they asked for was cigarettes. And I should never have seen these two men if my guide had not been related to both.



C. and L. Walsh

IN IRELAND

Prominent members of the Irish Wolfhound Breeders' Association photographed at the dance at Dublin. With them is Patrick, the wolfhound which the Association presented to Princess Mary

A KEMPTON TRIO By "The Tout"

Mr. E. H. Gregory is the owner of Rob, the horse that recently beat Mr. Reid Walker's Delius by a short head in the Duke of York's Handicap and may take some catching in the Cambridgeshire. Mr. T. Blenkiron is Nightingall's oldest stable patron and owned Ambition, trained in that stable when he won the Jubilee twenty-three years ago

Racing Notions

By CARBINE

Arctic Star

It was pleasant to see such popular racing figures as Sir Mathew Wilson and Lady Curzon in the joint ownership of a Cesarewitch winner. The actual race, however, was not nearly so thrilling as it usually is, and I am sure the quality of the field was below the average standard. There is no question of the immense popularity of this long-distance handicap. In spite of the wet weather the crowd on Newmarket Heath was prodigious, being in marked contrast to the thin attendances of the preceding meeting at headquarters. What struck me after the race was the almost unanimous excuse which the jockeys of the beaten horses offered to their owners and trainers. With one voice they said, "The pace was too slow." One is inclined to ask why none of these jockeys endeavoured to improve the pace by coming through on his own horse. I suppose that if one had attempted to cut out the pace and had been beaten he would have been blamed for "coming along too soon." Still, I cannot help thinking that a little more enterprise on the part of the Cesarewitch riders would have yielded a more interesting and exciting finish. It used to be said that long-distance winners could not be trained at Epsom. Victor Tabor has completely exploded that myth by carrying off the Cesarewitch twice.

The Pari-Mutuel

I am depressed rather than surprised to learn that the Betting Control Board have decided to put up pari-mutuel booths on various racecourses before installing the automatic totalisator. Lord D'Abernon told me after his return from visiting French racecourses that he believed the pari-mutuel could be worked successfully here, especially on those courses where space for the "tote" would be difficult to find. I pointed out to him that the long delays which are associated with the pari-mutuel in France would prove irksome to backers here, and would be a grave menace to the success of the scheme. Lord D'Abernon replied that he thought the operations of the pari-mutuel were capable of a considerable amount of speeding up. This may be so, but I cannot see that new hands in England will work any more quickly than the practised operators in France. My opinion is that the Betting Control Board will be making a serious mistake if they commit themselves to the wholesale adoption of the pari-mutuel system.

An Obsolete System

I am convinced that this old-fashioned and tedious form of betting will not appeal to the English public, especially when it is working side by side with the bookmakers. A certain amount of expense will be involved in putting up the pari-mutuel booths and offices. All this will have to be scrapped when the racecourses are ready for the electrical machines. Surely it is an error to put before the public a form of betting which is now regarded as obsolete in other countries. There is no violent hurry for the introduction of automatic betting. Racing people will not complain if the Control Board takes a year to find the best type of totalisator and complete its arrangements with the racecourses. The vitally important thing is for the Board to profit by the experiences of other countries and give racegoers the latest and best apparatus. I doubt whether the antiquated pari-mutuel will receive sufficient support on our courses to provide anything like the revenue which it is expected to produce.

How Much Per Cent.?

When I went to congratulate the Aga Khan on his signal triumph with Costaki Pasha and Grand Terrace in the Middle Park Stakes I found him much more eager to talk of the totalisator question than on the fine form of his two-year-olds. His Highness holds very strong views on the question of the dividends which should be taken from the public. He maintains that the Control Board will be riding for a fall if they begin with a deduction of 10 per cent. from the turnover. The "tote," he claims, will be much more successful if the authorities satisfy themselves with merely 5 per cent.

The Flying Tiffin

One of the most interesting questions arising out of the racing season is whether Tiffin is better than the pick of the colts. There was no fault to be found with the style in which she scored last week. The rumour was that all was not right with her, but it is absurd to suppose that Fred Darling would have saddled her for this race had there been a screw loose. In appearance the best of the young fillies are of different type. Arabella is one of the commanding sort. Tiffin is only just of medium size, but the swiftness with which she jumps into her stride is amazing. It is doubtful whether a filly of such speed will hold her own when longer journeys have to be covered. Sandown Park and Newbury will yield bright racing this week. I take **Mara** as a likely winner of the Hwfa William Stakes on Wednesday. I like the chance of **Baralong** in the Newbury Autumn Handicap on Saturday.

I.B.

ARCTIC STAR WINNING THE CESAREWITCH BY THREE LENGTHS FROM BLANCONA

Matters of Note at Headquarters

APART from the Cesarewitch the event which seems to have aroused most interest at the Newmarket meeting was the Racing *début* of Mr. Lloyd George. Arctic Star's victory in the Cesarewitch at 9—1 was a matter of congratulation to its joint-owners, Sir Mathew Wilson and Lady Curzon. Mr. Lloyd George, we are told, was a symphony in blue

G.P.U.

LORD DERBY'S FAIRWAY FIGHTING OUT THE FINISH OF THE CHAMPION STAKES WITH FOLIATION, INVERSHIN AND BAYTOWN

Photographs

MR. SOLLY JOEL ARRIVES ON THE COURSE WITH OPTIMISTIC SMILES

Planet

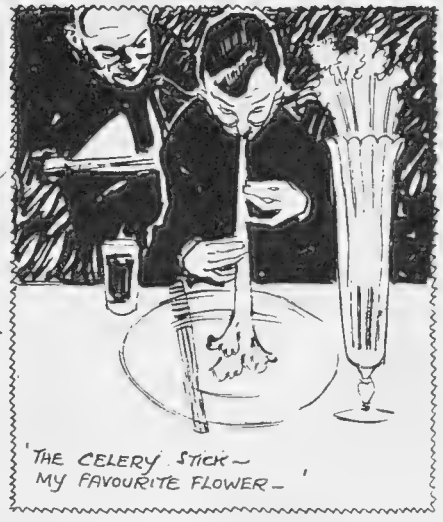
MR. LLOYD GEORGE, ACCOMPANIED BY LORD ST. DAVIDS AND MISS BURNETT, MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE ON ANY COURSE

At Their English Home

Central News

The Queen of Norway and the Crown Prince Olaf in the grounds of Appleton House, where they are paying one of their frequent visits. Appleton House was one of Queen Maud's wedding presents from King Edward, and she always spends a large part of each autumn there before returning to Oslo for Christmas

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Let Us Sing

LET us (a little hoarsely, perhaps, owing to the slight nip in the morning air) sing the praises of Autumn. Let us sing of her changing dress that goes, glancing and dancing, from crimson to gold, through every lovely and subtle shade between. Sweet Autumn, that makes every cobweb a fairy jewel and every creeper-covered cottage an enchanted bower! And, having spoken fair words of flattery to this charming but wayward miss, we will proceed in severer tones.

Autumn Leavings

"LOOK here, my girl," we will say, frowning severely, "this is all very well. You are pretty after a fashion, and you have a way of wearing your clothes calculated to bemuse the sentimental and impressionable, but we are much too hard-headed to be taken in. No, my dear. You are careless. You are untidy. You are incredibly (and wilfully) extravagant. You wear a charming creation in brown or gold leaf for a day and then you just fling it away. You leave your best gowns about simply anywhere. You chuck your discarded wardrobe about all over our garden. Who do you think is going to clear up after you? The dustman, for all you care." And will this smiling girl heed our stern reproof? Not on your bass-broom!

A Rise in Celery

SPEAKING of those first autumnal frosts brings me to one of the most emotional moments of the year. The first nipping frost gives a magical touch to the celery stick—my favourite flower—and soon that delectable gift of Nature will be on my club luncheon-table at its best. We celery worshippers are a sensitive race. We are of finer clay than the common man who hurries through his lunch and knows not what he eats. "After all," says this vulgarian, "celery is only a vegetable . . ." Oh, man of infinite coarseness! Eat your boiled cabbage and be silent.

The Celery Club

I HAVE often thought of founding a Celery Club for the elect, membership to be restricted to poets and artists of the finest calibre. Only a man of beautiful soul could appreciate the true inwardness of celery, its chaste modesty in its cut-glass urn, its spotless whiteness, its fascinating crispness. If your heart does not thrill at the call of these virtues, you are no true celery-lover. Not that I particularly want you to be. The more grossly unappreciative you are the more celery there will be for me. And as for the nubbly bits at the bottom of the glass—the real *heart* of the thing—oh, boy . . .

The Muffin Bell

AND if I cannot find sufficient single-hearted enthusiasts to found a Celery Club, I might, I think, initiate a Brotherhood of Muffins. Approaching winter sends its harbingers of cold and damp and sleet, of chills and coughs and exasperating little bouts with the demon 'Flu. What does heaven give us, in these darkening days, as a compensation for the evils that beset us? Let me answer in a word: Muffins! What though the wind blows shrill and the darkness falls all too soon; the tinkle of the muffin bell is heard in the land, and all is well.

An Artist and a Craftsman

THIS is the age of materialism and base utilitarianism. I have heard of people so lost to all sense of the eternal fitness of things that they buy their muffins over a common, soulless shop counter, bartering the precious things for coin in the sordid marts of com-

merce. Shame! But you, sir, are a good man and true. You get your muffins from that sincere artist and craftsman, the genuine muffin man. You admire the sturdy poise of the laden tray upon his head. When you hear the sound of his bell you think thoughts that do lie too deep for tears.

Too Many Books

EVERY year at this season, when autumn novels fall thicker than leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa, some worthy person tells us that there are too many books. "Ah," says the Worthy Person, "if we could burn all our authors but Shakespeare and Stephen Leacock, what a beautiful world it would be!" At any rate, people would be forcibly prevented from writing books under this new *régime*. It sounds all right. But it wouldn't work. No form of Prohibition ever does work.

Sport *à la Russe*

FOR some reason or other it would seem that orchestras must be for ever strictly taboo in a theatre where a Russian play is being presented. I suppose intervals brightened up by extracts from *Good News* or *So This is Love* would prove anything but helpful in sustaining the atmosphere of Muscovitish gloom, but the method of creating atmosphere which they adopt at the Apollo Theatre, where *The Brass Paper Weight*, by Komisarjevsky, is now running, led to rather unforeseen results on the first night. Presumably to get the audience in a receptive frame of mind, all the lights in the auditorium are extinguished for a couple of minutes before the curtain rises on a new act. Thus those of us who tarried in the vestibule and corridors until the last minute found ourselves obliged to join involuntarily in a little game of Hunt-the-Seat.

When it was Dark

THE result was that, instead of the monastic calm which was presumably expected, voices were to be heard plaintively demanding the whereabouts of Row J or K, whilst the sound of late arrivals colliding heavily with those already in their places as they struggled manfully to regain their seats in the murky blackness was positively heartrending. Naturally, these antics aroused the ire of the devout, who promptly indulged in an orgy of reproving "shushing." The result was that the curtain finally rose to one of the finest imitations of a Gargantuan soda-water syphon in full blast that I've ever had the pleasure of hearing. After all, the old-fashioned method strikes me as being quite as satisfactory, and it certainly saves the audience the necessity of spending about five minutes of each act in smoothing its ruffled plumage at a play which, in this instance, is as solid and as heavy as the title it bears.

THE "WIZARD"—AND *HIS* CESARE "WITCH"!

By David Wilson

THIS PLAY BUSINESS *Speaight*

Pamela, Sheila and Edward Digby follow the example of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and indulge in a little bricklaying. They are the children of Lord and Lady Digby, of Minterne House, Cerna-Abbas

At the Gates of Life

SOME little people who have found time to face the photographer during the all-important and absorbing business of growing up. To judge by their expressions they do not find the experience of braving the camera nearly so unpleasant as did their parents in *their* young days!

Photographs *Miss Compton Collier and Lenare*

A FAMILY GATHERING

The Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava photographed in the grounds of Alderborne Manor, Gerrard's Cross, the home of Capt. Tahu Rhodes and the Hon. Mrs. Rhodes. She is seen with her daughter, Lady Victoria Braithwaite, and several young relations, including the Hon. Patrick and Hon. Robin Plunket. Inset: The Hon. Mrs. Cholmondeley, the wife of the Hon. Thomas Cholmondeley, Lord Delamere's heir, instructs her elder daughter, Elizabeth, in how to sit a horse in the grounds of their home, Vale Royal, Hartford

VARSITY NOTES

CAMBRIDGE

BEFORE thoroughly settling down in Cambridge at the beginning of a new year—and it is a difficult task—I always make a complete tour of the town. I can advise this to anyone who feels a trifle out of his element, homesick, or otherwise indisposed. It is very satisfying to ascertain once and for all what exterior alterations have occurred during your long absence. Little minor details catch your eye immediately, the fact that David has shifted his bookstall ten feet nearer the shadow of St. Mary, or that the outside of the Union has been redecorated. But then, you must also contemplate the yellowing willows on the Backs, and stop to glance at the placards in Regent Street. A thriller is on at the New Theatre, *The Silent House*. *The Constant Nymph* is on at The Tivoli. Stirred by the news of improvements at Fenner's you should drop in there and cast your eyes with approval and admiration at the new grandstand and at the light blue wooden railing which has been erected along the far side of the home straight. And finally you can end up at the "Leo." Everything is very different then.

Hills and Saunders

R. P. FLEMING

Of Christ Church College, Oxford. He is President of the O.U.D.S.

Once again Cambridge leads the way. Terence Gray has been deploring the lack of attendance at the Festival on Monday nights. In future, in order to ensure a crowded auditorium on first nights, he invites any who may be interested to inspect the stage at the close of the performance. But that is not all—far from it. He has decided to give free light refreshment to all during the interval on those days. Does this include The Pilsner Urquell and Munich Löwenbrau, which is to be served from henceforth, *sous pression?* What other repertory company, or, indeed, what other theatre owned by ex-lard merchants, can show such admirable enterprise and originality? Already Wimbledon ticket touts are tumbling into Cambridge. Whole rows of seats have been booked for the entire season. Moreover, Toni, of the Café Royal, has arrived to take over the office of *maître d'hôtel* at the Festival Grill.

At the first meeting of the "Heretics" this term Jacob Faithfull, who has written a book on Bisexuality and keeps a nude school in Norfolk, gave a talk on "Psychology and Religion." BERNIL.

OXFORD

MY DEAR BYSTANDER,

I AM feeling a little bit harassed just at present, and my hand is cramped with the cramp of writing. Tutors are making me write them essays, lecturers are making me write down their pearls of wisdom, and tradesmen are making me sign my own cheques. But distressing as the latter operation is to me, I always think that the credit system at the Varsities is rather a bright idea—I mean, it is a comforting thought that one's trousers needn't be made legally one's own for a term or two if one happens to be short of the wherewithal.

My second task this week is to strike a blow for the old Alma Mater. A friend who is good at arithmetic tells me that out of seventy "freshers" in his college fourteen row, eighteen play Rugger, nine Soccer, ten own hockey sticks, and a very round dozen do other forms of mud-larking. This is bad news for the flicks, but it does look as though Oxford pursues *le sport* pretty thoroughly. Quite military we're getting, too, Bystander, what with the air squadron, the artillery, and a battalion of cavaliers, most of whom don't even fall off very much from their chargers.

But perhaps the big news is that the Powers That Be have given us leave to have our bi-weekly dances again this year. So the Academic Dance Club, the only "co-ed" club in Oxford, is polishing up its floor, and shrill cries from the saxophonists of the "Bandits" and the "Footwarmers" bands are heard daily in the High.

Another Oxford project which seems to be becoming a permanency is the O.U. Opera Club. Mr. Sumner Austin is the local Thomas Beecham, and the Club is going to "op" well and truly in November to the strains of *Der Freischutz*, which, being otherwise interpreted, means "The Demon Hunter."

Mr. Peter Fleming seems to be Oxford's idol on show this week. President of the O.U.D.S. and Editor of the *Isis* (acting and writing being habits he acquired at Eton) is good enough for most people, but when I add that he belongs to the Bullingdon and Gridiron Clubs besides the O.U.D.S. one feels that if only a friend would put him up for the Union his Oxford career would be unique. Peter's vices are marmalade, tobacco, and *The Daily Express*. He once wrote, produced, and acted in a play called *King's Evidence*. Thus reads the story of a successful life.

I dined at the Queen's College the other night, Bystander. Nothing remarkable about that, certainly, but there IS something very remarkable about their "audit ale." I mean, that's why I was taking a walk round the City the next morning and saw all the gems of architecture which are springing up—rather remarkable some of them, with the new Rhodes House as the most original.

Silly this new rule about an age limit for blues, isn't it? It doesn't seem to increase Oxford's chances of sweeping the boards as regards athletics. CHARLES.

GETTING RIGHT DOWN TO IT *Sport and General*

A photograph of a scrum collapse in mid-field during the recent Freshmen's Rugger match at Cambridge. No particular talent was discovered, and a very ordinary game resulted in Whites and Colours scoring 5 points each

Some Amateur Soccer Clubs

BY MAC

No. 4—WIMBLEDON

That Wimbledon can always be sure of a goodly crowd on their ground—dirt track racing notwithstanding—bears eloquent testimony to the sparkle and dash which are marked features of their play. Although they lost to Tooting Town by the odd goal in three in the second round of the Qualifying Competition of the F.A. Cup, they are a power to be reckoned with in Amateur Soccer

Produced September 19, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

IT may come as a surprise to our livelier young ladies to learn that the title of this play does not refer to the romantic kind of man they are so curious to meet. It is an apt quotation from another tragedy of the same kind, in which Julius Cæsar is supposed to have remarked that Caius Cassius thought too much, and was therefore a dangerous man. The story of the play follows the historical narrative very closely, and in the First Act we have Count Pahlen as the Dangerous Man in his study Thinking Too Much. This time it is not a Roman but a Russian Cæsar who is to be done in, and naturally a job of that kind wants a lot of thought.

COUNT PAHLEN is a rather unusual kind of conspirator. He has a very active conscience, which he refers to at every turn in order to be satisfied that he is doing the right thing. He is, as it were, the Minister in Attendance at the Tsar's palace, the period being the year 1801, and the Tsar himself being Paul, the half-baked son of the energetic Catherine the Second. It is clear from the first that the Tsar Paul is, by his sheer silliness, trying the patience of his beloved People a little too much. In fact, he is "asking for it." And when the conscientious Count Pahlen thinks of what is coming to the poor chap, he cannot help pausing to wipe the unbidden tear from a corner of his eye.

PAHLEN'S thoughts are interrupted by the arrival of his beautiful mistress, the Baroness Ostermann, who wants him to substitute the primrose path of dalliance for these tiresome State affairs that are keeping him from her side.

ROBERT FARQUHARSON AS THE MAD CZAR

MATHESON LANG AND ISOBEL ELSOM

Pahlen, however, turns from her heartlessly. He is now satisfied that she is one of Paul's secret emissaries, and that she wants him to share his State secrets with her so that she may go back to the Tsar and tell tales out of school. He therefore, having duly consulted his active conscience, decides to get his fist in first. He admits to the Countess that he is a liar and a rogue, and then compels her to write an anonymous letter to the Tsar warning His Majesty against fellows like Pahlen, and the Chancellor, and their fellow-conspirators. After that he feels that he has done his duty, as the Tsar cannot say that he was not put on his guard. And in this way Pahlen becomes the official enemy of His Majesty, and all's fair in war.

AS it happens, the feeble-minded Tsar declines absolutely to believe that his dear friend Pahlen, the only friend he has in the world, is plotting against him. He comes to the Audience Chamber in his dressing-gown and slippers, and sits on Pahlen's knee and cries on his shoulder like a frightened child. Pahlen cannot help weeping a little himself as he reflects that his stern sense of duty compels him to join the movement for pushing the Tsar from his throne. There is no idea at the moment of murdering the poor fellow. He will be asked most deferentially to sign his abdication in favour of his son Alexander. Of course, His Majesty may refuse to sign; but thinking men, who are also dangerous, are naturally ready for a little contingency of that kind.

THE plot thickens. Alexander, who is a bit weak in the knees when it comes to joining the conspiracy,

is made prisoner by a ruse, and is conscripted by the opposition. Obviously, however, he cannot very well agree to the murder of his own father in order to create the necessary vacancy on the throne, and he calls for guarantees for Paul's safety. Pahlen gives a solemn assurance, the full significance of which is not apparent for the moment, that he will answer for the Tsar's life with his own. So the procession of Ministers and Generals sets out for the Imperial Palace in the small hours of the morning to get the abdication signed. They take with them as a sort of supplementary precaution a soldier named Stepan, who has a nice facility with the rope when there is a bit of strangling to be done unostentatiously and without any vulgar fuss.

Bertram Park

THE CONSPIRATORS MEET

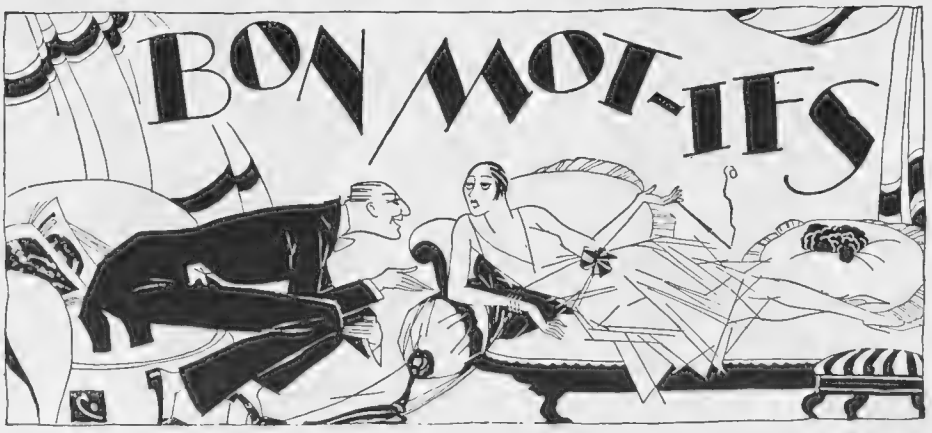
The conspirators leave Pahlen for the Tsar's Palace, to secure his abdication or death, with the cry of "Long Live Alexander I." The group includes Matheson Lang as Pahlen, Stanley Howlett as Suboff, and Donald Wolfit as Stepan

THEN we come to the dimly lighted bedchamber of the Tsar. His Majesty tosses restlessly on his pillow, starting up at every sound as if he already has a premonition of danger. The unusual tramping of feet in the courtyard below convinces him that his enemies are upon him. He sits on the edge of his bed, tremulously reciting the first words of the Paternoster, and then the door of his chamber is opened, and he scrambles to his feet and hides in mortal fear behind a decorative screen. This is a memorable performance by Mr. Robert Farquharson, whose portrait of the querulous, gibbering Tsar is extraordinarily powerful, and very properly arouses the enthusiasm of the house.

THE unhappy Tsar is soon dragged from his hiding place, and while one of the Ministers on bended knee prays His Majesty to sign the abdication, the soldier with the rope creeps stealthily forward and awaits the signal to begin his job. The Tsar's courage mounts with the occasion. He splutters a defiant refusal to sign any kind of document at that hour of the day. A moment later the rope expert has got His Majesty by the throat; there is a faint call for help and a despairing gurgle, and the King is dead; long live the King!

BUT that is not all. Count Pahlen, like Brutus of old, is an honourable man. Having pledged himself to answer with his life for murder, if any, of the Tsar, he is now bound on his honour—to say nothing of his conscience—to carry out the contract as per specification. And it is clear that Stepan, the worker of the rope trick, must likewise expiate his crime to the full. Pahlen, therefore, produces a couple of loaded pistols and hands them to Stepan. It is to be the usual case of "shot at dawn." Count Pahlen and Stepan sit in the darkened study facing each other, and wait for the hour of seven. The shutters are closed, and presently the striking of a clock announces the hour of dawn. The curtain falls slowly while two shots ring out, and the tragedy is complete.

JINGLE.



By HARTLEY CARRICK

WE are assured that the film "talkies" are now well established. Alas! we prefer our film favourite to be screened and not heard.

. . . . . .

A WRITER on slum life says that the residents in poor neighbourhoods can always be relied on for smart repartee. You ought to hear the sallies in our alleys.

. . . . . .

IT is said that Mr. Bernard Shaw seldom refuses an appeal to his generosity. Alms and the Man!

. . . . . .

IAN HAY declares that there is nothing more dismal than to return to an empty house.

Thousands of husbands know this to be true.

. . . . . .

WE read that "a girl badly turned out in the hunting field is a disgrace." Such girls ought to get out of their bad habits.

. . . . .

A MOTORING correspondent says there was a lot of humour at the Olympia Exhibition.

Personally, we could have done without the gentleman who sang, "I love a chassis" and "Take a pair of sparking plugs." His references also to the "clutching" hand were beneath contempt.

. . . . .

EXTRACT from a Public School Boy's letter: "I am just going to clean out X's study, make his toast, and burn his cigarette-ends. This is the fag-end of a perfect day."

A dusky young maid of Colombo
Exclaimed to her desolate, glum beau,
"I can't stand a chap
Who is softer than pap,
The fellow I want must be some *bo'!"*

. . . . . .

ANOTHER school boy "howler":—"Six days shalt thy neighbour do all that thou hast to do, and on the seventh day thou shalt do no manner of work."

. . . . . .

A DOCTOR maintains that the habit of chewing gum is injurious to the teeth. Apparently, chewing gum-boils are likely to result.

. . . . . .

HEARD in a Bodega: "Yes, laddie, I once played the Moody Dane in a village barn, and, would you believe it, the rude forefathers of the Hamlet snored!"

FAMOUS HOSTELRIES
(The Oxford "Mitre")

"The Clarendon" we know, and (bitter loss)
How we recall the dear old "Golden Cross"!
Yet of all the Oxford inns we give the palm
Unto "The Mitre" in its cloistered calm.
One thing I can't forgive—that Cockney blighter
Who christened it "the dear old Alma Mitre"!

. . . . .

A LONDON magistrate recently bound over an old offender because the latter had never had a chance. Presumably the stipendiary justified his action for old Sike's sake.

. . . . . .

"YOU ought to set your face against men who want to kiss you."

"I always do, auntie."

. . . . . .

"THAT," remarked the coastguard as he saw a visitor disappear over Beachy Head, "is another one over the h'eight!"

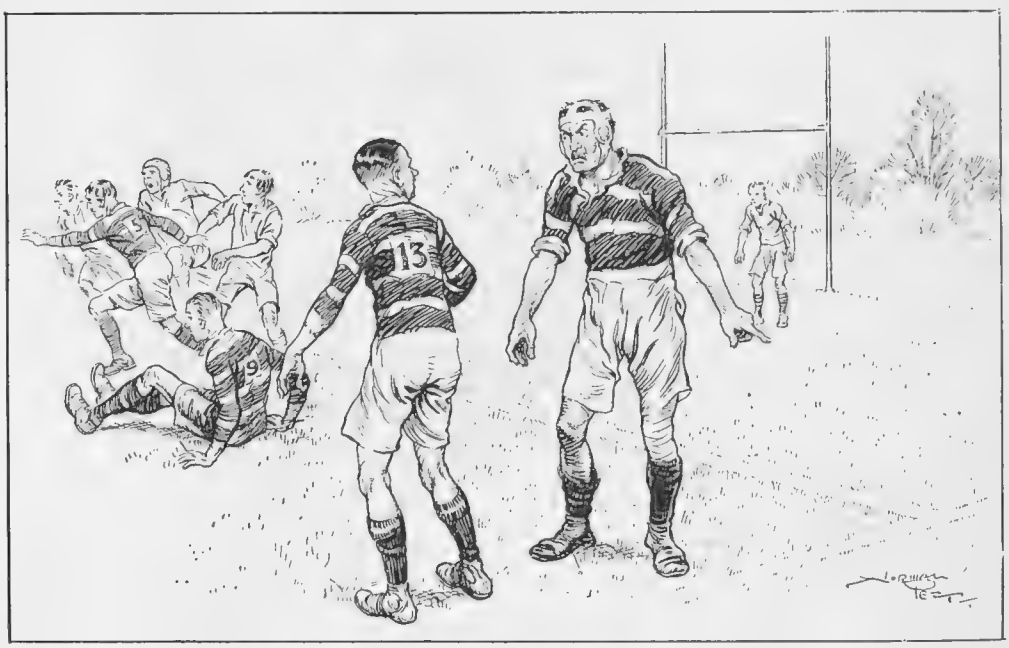
. . . . . .

FROM a provincial paper: "Miss X has a soprano voice of an exquisite pearly texture."

She must be a kind of oyster-Patti.

. . . . . .

A FOOTBALL club has been formed from the waiters of Soho restaurants. We ought to hear of some hefty charges.



BY NORMAN PETT

HARD LINES!

IRATE CAPTAIN: "Forget that wretched two-seater of yours and don't be so afraid of these white lines!"

Following Winston's Footsteps

BY TOM COTTRELL

Now that Mr. Winston Churchill has become a registered bricklayer, and Lord Birkenhead is entering commercial life, it is not improbable that other Members of Parliament may follow suit

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MY MYSTERY

By RALPH WOTHERSPOON

After a long course of Edgar Wallace I have for some time believed myself competent to deal with a mystery, and yesterday I found one in my own home.

The mystery started with Betty, my young and loving wife, dashing into the study.

"Herbert, there's some horried thing in the linen cupboard. I wish you'd come," she cried excitedly.

"One moment," I rejoined, composing myself in my chair and putting the tips of my fingers together. "Give me the facts."

"Come upstairs at once."

"I will take the case," I said, rising.

"These silly detective stories have gone to your head," my wife informed me.

We went upstairs to the linen cupboard. Betty lit a candle and we peered in.

"There it is," she said. "At the back. Ugh! It's beastly. I can't look at it. Whatever is it?"

There *was* something. Right at the back of the linen cupboard — which is a large, deep cupboard — on the lowest shelf, curled up in a corner, was what appeared to be, by the light of the candle, some kind of animal. It was a squat, sinister, ghoul-like object, and, when I thought I saw it move, I shut the door so hurriedly that I blew the candle out.

"A very pretty problem, my dear," I told my wife, forcing myself to speak calmly, and locking the door.

"I don't think it's at all pretty," she answered.

"I will, however, get to the bottom of it," I assured her.

"Get to the bottom of the cupboard and fish it out," she rejoined tartly.

"Come into the study," I said. "I shall have to ask you a few questions—take a statement, in fact. There will be no other woman with you, but you mustn't mind that."

We went into the study.

"This is not an inquest case," I told my wife, "the problem resolves itself easily and naturally into two parts—(*a*) what is it? and (*b*) who has put it there, whatever it is? Can any of the maids be concerned in this?"

"What do you mean by 'any of the maids'? There is only one. It can't be Nellie. She came and asked me what it was. She was absoutely terrified—half hysterical."

"How long has Nellie been with us?"

"Rose went on Monday. Nellie came on Tuesday."

"And to-day is Thursday. H'm. Yes. There are one or two queer things about this affair."

I saw no harm in going as far as that.

"There's one very queer thing," my wife returned, "and it's inside the cupboard. *Will* you get it out or must I?"

I made a quick decision and stood up.

"Where is my revolver?" I said simply. "And where is my electric torch?"

"You do want a lot of things, don't you? The revolver's in the attic, I believe. I'll get the torch."

After some trouble I found and loaded my old service revolver and met my wife on the landing by the linen cupboard. Every fibre in me was alert; every nerve strung up. Now that the crisis of the case was rapidly approaching I was conscious of no sensation of fear. I was cool and confident, completely master of myself.

"*Now*," I breathed, gripping the revolver firmly.

I unlocked and threw open the door, while Betty flashed the torch upon the mystery.

IT was still there, coiled in its corner. A loathsome mass.

I bent forward to have a closer look and as I did so my finger tightened on the trigger of the revolver and it went off with a crash. Betty screamed and dropped the torch, and I was so surprised by the din that the revolver slipped out of my hand and clattered on to the floor. Defenceless, and in the dark, we ran to the end of the landing. My wife lit the candle and looked at me with an expression of despair.

"The Terror is disposed of," I said. "It will never trouble us again. I shot to kill."

Then without a word my wife marched downstairs and came back with the garden rake.

"I've had just about enough of this," she snapped. "Hold the candle, open the door, and stand out of the way."

The plucky girl plunged the rake into the cupboard and out IT came. I had not killed it. I had not even hit it. Rose, the out-going maid, must have left it there—a ball of string covered with a hair-net!

THE TALK OF THE TOWN By Hamilton Williams

The Visitor: "You know, I hate to be conspicuous in Paris"
The Resident: "Well, in that case we'd better always speak English"

BY FRANK M. LEA

DANSE HUMORESQUE

FAMOUS JUMPS. No. 2

The railway gates at the level crossing going away from Weedon Bushes—a Grafton covert. This "'orrible obstacle," a short cut for the Army Equitation School, always known as "Weedon," gives a lead when a well-mounted officer or two

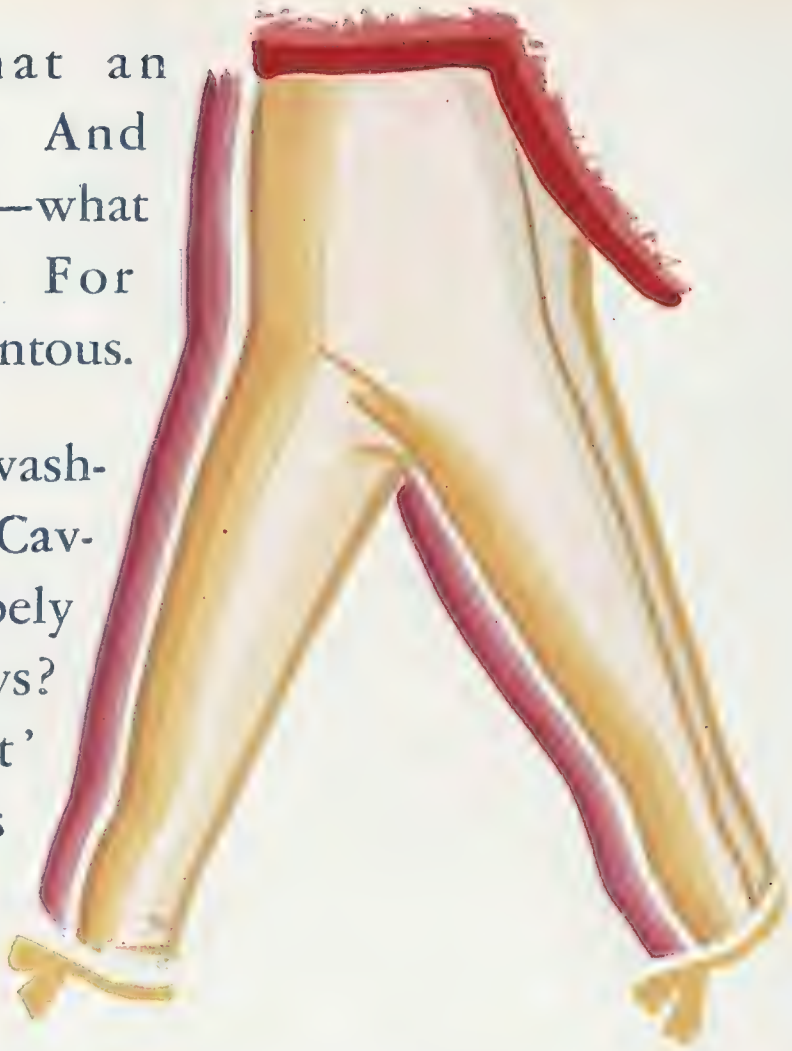
SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

2: TIMBER JUMPERS

for those who want to be well up at the start, is naturally only for the stout-hearted brigade on first-class performers. This is where vo get a day off to give the horses a bit of cross-country work, an all-important item in the training of both

BREECHES —— what an engrossing subject. And 'who shall wear them?'—what an age-old question. For breeches are ever momentous.

Were there not the gay swashbuckling breeches of the Cavaliers? The sleek, shapely breeches of Georgian days? What of the glory of 'first' breeches, the capaciousness of 'plus fours,' the immensity of 'Oxfords'?



But before the immaculate 'smalls' of 'Johnnie Walker' one is dumb. One can but raise one's glass and honour them in silence.

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—Still going Strong!

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLER, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

"She looked out over the Pearl River to where a British gunboat lay"

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BACCHUS

No. III—PINK GIN

By ARTHUR MILLS

Illustration by W. E. WIGHTMAN

I HAD drunk champagne cocktails in the officers' mess of the 1/4th Battalion of the Foreign Legion at Vietri, Vermouth Cassis on the terrace of the Continental at Saigon, Chinese brandy with an adjutant of Tirailleurs Annamites in a Cambodian restaurant at Phnom Penh, and it was with no small satisfaction that I watched the steward of the s.s. *Maipu* bring forward a tray on which there was a wineglass with gin in it, a bottle of Angostura bitters, and a jug of water; for by these signs I knew we should soon be approaching a part of the coast where British interests were paramount.

Pink gin is the prevalent drink in China; great firms have built up their business on it; anti-foreign risings have been quelled by nonchalant naval officers sitting at sunset on the decks of their river gunboats enjoying this favourite beverage; in the Canton Club, which is the most hospitable for its size in the world, it is the first thing offered to a stranger; and the long bar of the Shanghai Club has undoubtedly seen more pink gin consumed than any other institution in the world, with the possible exception of the Country Club at Vina del Mar in Chile.

After reading through this preamble I now realise I was not justified in getting indignant with the head of my household, because—after listening to the route I proposed to follow on my journey round the world—she exclaimed: "In other words, you are going on a 'glorified bar-crawl'!"

But to get back to the s.s. *Maipu*, which was to take me up from Tonking to Canton, and not myself alone, but also seventy water buffaloes, five hundred pigs, and a number of Chinese coolies who might or might not turn out to be pirates in disguise. No one was worrying about the coolies. It was the pigs. The first officer had just asked the captain, who was also a Scot, whether there would be any perquisites coming to him out of the voyage—"Squeeze", is the expression on the Chinese coast—and the captain had pointed to the pigs: "There may be a bit of litter on deck by the time we unload them; you can clear it up and keep it; that's your 'Squeeze.'"

Believe me, it is a pretty hard school is life on a China coaster.

We made Hong Kong after four days, the first and second officer taking four hours' watch and watch throughout the voyage, with occasional relief from the captain. The only incident occurred just after leaving Hoi-Hai, where a Mr. Li, Commissary for Foreign Affairs under the Government at Canton, joined us. Mr. Li and I were on deck discussing the British-Chinese political situation when a report as of a rifle shot aft was heard, and Mr. Li descended to his cabin with incredible rapidity. Investigation proved that the report was caused by a sailor letting off a cracker in celebration of the Chinese New Year; but, as Mr. Li said: "You never knew in China."

The pigs, which had been given a soporific with their last meal before being shipped, did not make a sound until Hong Kong was reached. Then they started to unload them at dawn, a pig at a time, directly past my cabin; as each pig was lowered by my port-hole

Copyright, 1928, by Arthur Mills.

he let out a scream that nearly broke my ear drums, and I lost no time in going ashore.

The dear old Hong Kong Club was just the same as ever. Taipans (a taipan is the head of a firm) arriving in their three-coolie rickshaws—one coolie suffices for lesser mortals—naval officers, soldiers, bank officials, vice-consuls, talk of cricket and football, China pony racing, dances, picnics.

Women have a good time on the China station; there are so few pretty ladies and so many lonely men. They deserve it, for they have a cruel climate to face in the summer.

Standing there—on the China coast you rarely sit in a bar—looking at all those faces gathered round, the genial soldiers, lean, hard-looking sailors, the Taipans, some of whom from years in the tropics had become as fat as the pigs we had carried up from Tonking, nearly all drinking the customary pink gin, one felt very content to be a part of anything so solid as the British Empire. For, whatever may have happened in other parts of China, Hong Kong, as becomes the Gibraltar of the East, has remained completely unperturbed.

Up at Canton, where I went on next day, life was not quite so serene. But then it never has been since 1650. What a romantic city Canton is! To me the most romantic city in the world—the sampan girls in their gaily painted craft with their jasmine-scented hair; the Medicine Temple, now discouraged as a foolish superstition by the present Government; the Hall of the Five Hundred Genii. Who that has ever stood alone in the heart of the native city surrounded by those five hundred grinning gods has not sensed some glimmering of the magic of ancient China?

But to return to the subject of pink gin. Speaking for self and friends, as soon as one arrives anywhere in China one goes straight to the Club and straight into the bar. And at noon the little Canton Club was by no means empty; only there was a vast difference here from conditions in Hong Kong. Next door a machine gun company guarded the bank, barbed wire encircled the island of Shameen, and in the Club pink gin was being drunk half-heartedly.

"We've got the women to think of," a man explained to me. And when I thought of those teeming hordes of Chinese just on the other side of the barbed wire, and that a thousand people had been killed in the streets of Canton quite recently, I understood him.

I cannot leave Canton without reference to Tung-Wong-Tu, the water clock. This typically Chinese device, which for all I know the world's oldest civilisation may have invented as the first time-piece, consists of four covered copper jars, standing on a stone stairway and so arranged that the top of each is level with the bottom of the one above it. Each jar is connected with the other by a trough, along which the water trickles. In the lowest jar of all there is a wooden slide, which rises through a hole in the cover as the water rises. The slide is marked off in spaces, and as it rises so the time is told.

To wind the clock the water is emptied from the bottom jar and put back into the top every half-day. The clock was erected in 1324, in the reign of Yoi Tsung, the copper being supplied at the expense of his mandarins.

I went and stood by Tung-Wong-Tu, and as I stood there a Chinese girl came and looked at the Water Clock. She was evidently well-to-do, for she wore a costly silk robe, fastened high round the neck, and beautiful jade ornaments in her ears and jet black hair. She turned from the Water Clock and looked out over the Pearl River to where a British gunboat lay. Her face was attractive, mysterious, unfathomable as China. Was she thinking of the British gunboat? or were her thoughts about this monument to the ancient civilisation of her land? Who could say? The sun was setting, and time had come to take the boat back for Hong Kong.

Later, as we made our way down the Pearl River, crowded with sampans, junks, motor launches, hand-propelled stern paddle-boats, I tried again to determine what that girl's thoughts had been. Did she resent the presence of the British in China, or did she welcome them? Soon I gave it up, and called for a pink gin instead; and, believe me, when you are in China and perplexed that's much the best thing to do. A. M.

HUNTING IN THE EAST *Willie Burke*

A photograph from Madras showing members of the Hunt Club. They are seen at the Hunt meet held at the Golf House, where His Excellency the Governor was at home to members of the Hunt Club

The Third and Fourth Ladies in the Land

Marcus Adams

A new and delightful study of the Duchess of York with Princess Elizabeth, who, as can be seen, is rapidly growing out of babyhood. Those who remember early photographs of Princess Mary will be struck by the remarkable resemblance between Princess Elizabeth and her aunt at the same age

October Occasions in the Out-of-Doors

WITH DOG AND GUN AT SHERBORNE *Sport and General*

A group photographed at the Western Counties and South Wales Working Retriever Society's Trials at Sherborne. The photograph shows Mrs. Ernest Turner, Lord Sherborne, Lt.-Col. Follett, Col. Barrow, Mr. Wykham Musgrave, Mr. B. Bellow, Mr. G. W. White, Col. M. Bell, Lt.-Col. E. G. Godman, and Mr. R. H. Heaton

"WELL TACKLED, SIR!" *L.N.A.*

A fine tackle on the touchline in the recent match between Blackheath and Newport at the Rectory Field Newport won an interesting game by 10 points to 0 chiefly through opportunism and the brilliant play of their halves. "The Club" forwards scrummaged splendidly

Sport and General

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

Lord Lonsdale photographed with Señorita de Alvarez at the Border Union Coursing Meeting at Lowther, Westmorland. He is seen introducing her to his dog, Leveret

ON THE TOWPATH *Photopress*

A photograph taken at the recent Scratch Fours Race of the Ministry of Health Ladies' Rowing Club, which was held on the Thames on a course from Barnes Bridge. Above are seen some of the oars ready for action

AT QUEEN'S CLUB *Sport and General*

A photograph taken at the recent Professional Lawn Tennis Championships at Queen's Club showing the competitors. The Doubles was won by R. Najuch and A. Burke, who beat E. Burke and R. Ramillon by 3 sets to 2

GOING ALL OUT *Sport and General*

Mr. Colin D. Fair driving British Maid II, the winner of the Scratch Race, Class B Motors, for the Livesey Cup at the British Motor Boat Club's Outboard Motor Boat racing. The meeting took place on the Thames at Chiswick

SPORT AT ETON *Photo. Illus.*

An incident in the recent field game played between Eton and the Royal Military College, Woolwich. The Eton team, who are wearing coloured jerseys, are seen forcing a "rouge" during the course of the game

A BRIDE OF THE MONTH *Dennis Moss*

Miss Vestey, who is to marry Mr. Phil Cripps, of the 60th Rifles, seen with her hunter. The marriage will take place at Northleach on October 30

'The sailors . .. think only of the blue of Beatrice's eyes"

PARISIANA

By RENÉ

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis,

It is generally accepted that the definite signs of the reawakening of Paris after the summer lull are the activities of the *couturiers* and the theatres. *Eh bien,* the *couturiers* appear to have placed most of their winter models in the appropriate quarters—to the greater embarrassment of already harassed husbands—and the theatres have given us an abundance of new plays—some of which might, with advantage, have been left to mature for another decade or so.

Still, they must pass under review as an essential part of Parisian deeds and misdeeds. At the Théâtre Marigny, in the Champs Elysées, was presented *Coups de Roulis,* an *opérette* which the industrious Willemetz has extracted from a novel by Maurice Larrouy. The music is by André Messager, who has laboured happily. Really, it is most fortunate that a composer is not restricted by a "story," but can take flight to quite other planes of excellence. For the "story" of *Coups de Roulis* could hardly be called one of inspiration.

The incidents—that is to say, what few there are—occur aboard a French warship, which an interfering *parlementaire,* Puy-Pradal, is inspecting with a view to reforming everything and everybody. As he has brought a pretty daughter as a nominal secretary, in the way French politicians have of providing for their relatives, the sailors lose all interest in the blue of the Mediterranean and think only of the blue of Beatrice's eyes. The principal rivals are the Commandant and the Ensign, and, as the adventure appears to have been written more with an eye on the *faubourgs* than on the Champs Elysées, all the advantages are with youth instead of with the gold braid.

That would probably not be the case with M. Puy-Pradal, but the provident author has arranged that it is the Ensign who saves the warship when a collision is impending in a fog, and politicians usually show gratitude for the saving of their skins, if for little else. This collision scene is the best thing of the play, apart, of course, from the music. M. Messager's music makes *Coups de Roulis* enjoyable. In fact, it almost tempts one to a second visit—and that is indeed a high compliment.

"Comment on Ecrit l'Histoire," offered at the smart little Théâtre Edouard VII, has the charm which is never failing in a piece by Sacha Guitry. Sacha can manufacture theatre bricks with fewer straws than probably anyone else in the world, and if we can't call them gold-bricks, they are usually bricks that turn into gold. The play is about Napoleon III and the opera singer Mariette, and the title comes from an entertaining scene in which Mariette, having become a centenarian, endeavours to tell a reporter the "real truth" about what happened in 1851, her souvenirs, like those of most faded beauties, having degenerated into a *brouillamini.*

"An *allumeuse*"

(Continued on page 206)

The harassed husband

Making London Brighter

TWO ATTRACTIVE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE GAIETY OF NATIONS

Stage Photo Co.

MISS EVELYN HOEY

Who is one of the most attractive features of "Good News" imaginable. Her performance in the American "college" play of that name, which is now running at the Carlton Theatre, is full of vivacity

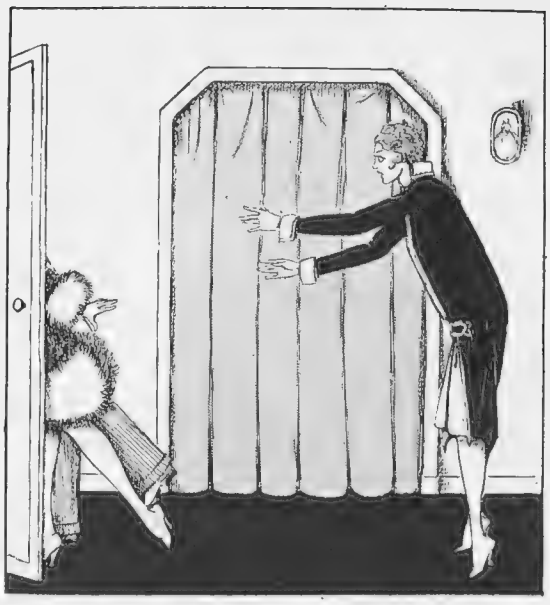
Navana

MISS CARLITA ACKROYD

In a costume somewhat reminiscent of the gay days of Nell Gwynne. She is adding appreciably to the success of "Blue Eyes," at Daly's Theatre, in which play she is the *première danseuse*

(*Continued from page 204*)

YVONNE PRINTEMPS revels in the *rôle* of Mariette, particularly when she appears as an amorous young troubadour. I don't think I have ever seen her do anything better. But then, Yvonne Printemps adopts the very laudable practice of trying to make her latest creation the best. Sacha himself is also very good as Louis-Napoleon, at periods rising almost to grandeur. For the music the author called on the services of Oscar Strauss, who has composed melodies that sound very appropriate to the period and which have the advantage of being delightfully sung by Mlle. Printemps, Jean Aquistapace, and Renée Senac.



"So they keep away"

AS a change, the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre, which has rather a tendency towards the sombre and gloomy, has an amusing trifle in *Les Trois Languages*, which is something of an eighteenth century fable garnished with the sauce of modernism. This tale with a moral has three phases, all equally entertaining, arising from the *troubles nerveux* of a young wife, Hélène. In her first state she can say only words which are absolutely contrary to the meaning she wishes to express. Her husband is able to accommodate himself to this, but nobody else can. They don't like to be told they are perfectly poisonous when Hélène means they are pricelessly nice, so they keep away.

FOR the second act Hélène is almost cured and, with an effort, she can say exactly what she thinks; but this state is even more embarrassing than the last. Her frankness becomes a source of terror to everyone, even her husband—when she enters into details about a lover. Still, as she also tells the *amant* a few home-truths, he decides that he will no longer be an encumbrance. When Hélène is completely cured, for the third act, she is perfectly able to blend fact and fiction, to dissimulate *comme il faut* in polite society. Throughout, there is a charm about the dialogue that is most delightful.

Cecil Beaton

INVITATION TO THE DANCE—NEW STYLE

A study, on the Beaton track, of Mr. Fred Elizalde and his orchestra, which has been an attraction at the Savoy Hotel for some time. The orchestra breaks away from dance band traditions by the introduction of a harp, which is as effective from the musical point of view as it is in the photograph

WELL worth seeing, particularly by those visitors to Paris who ask to be directed to plays written for Parisians and not for a cosmopolitan public, is Romain Coolus' *La Guêpe* at the Théâtre Femina. The subject, that of a "home-wrecking" woman, is dealt with lightly, but with a none the less penetrating touch.

WITTILY, but with a fine sense of drama, M. Coolus presents a most captivating study of a house which Colette Germont, the "Wasp," visits as a guest. Immediately all the men of the party are *affolé*, then become exasperated as they appreciate that she is but an *allumeuse*, with no other interest in the advances she has provoked. Finally, however, Colette is "unfrozen" by the young nephew of her host, whom she marries after obtaining a divorce.

RENÉ.

OVALTINE
Country health for you
'OVALTINE'
THE DELICIOUS FOOD BEVERAGE
P499

IF AUTUMN COMES—

By Blanchette

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

"Something quite offensively new"

LONDON, *October* 22.

DEAR COUSIN,

HAVE you ever noticed the deep stillness of some of these autumn days? From the half-stripped trees the little brown and yellow leaves flutter softly down, leaving fewer and fewer golden hostages behind—all except that odd and eccentric fig-tree, which seems suddenly to flop to pieces without fading. But there is no other sound as the pale but still potent sun shines through the dampening woods, with their ever-growing carpet of fallen foliage. Everything seems silent and a little tired—yet all the time there is subtle movement and tireless energy still going on. As one of our novelists once wrote (I'll give you three guesses at his name), "Nature in October is poignantly suggestive, deeply mysterious, in her intense and visible occupation. . . . She is enormously busy, but she is serenely busy. . . . She is stripping the house of its deckings, dismantling her habitation to the least and uttermost leaf—but she strips, dismantles, extinguishes, breaks away, not in despair, defeat, but in ordered preparation and with exquisite certitude of glory anew. . . ."

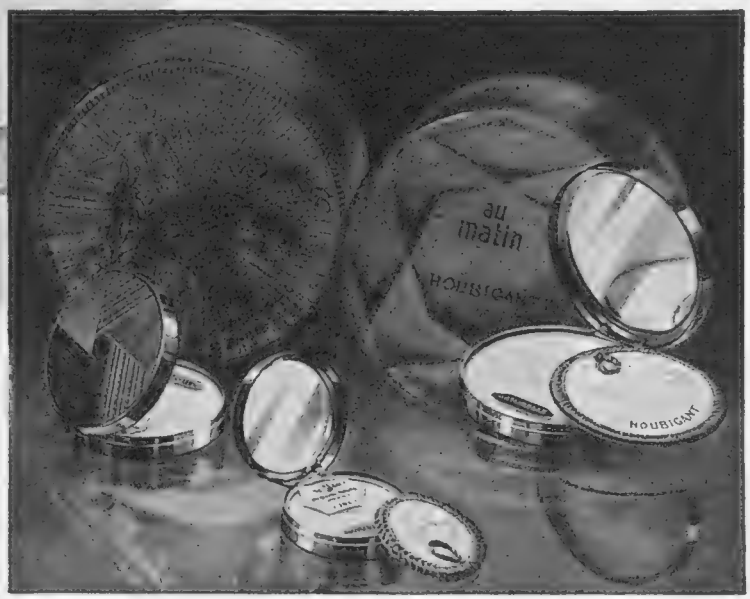
"At the Hungaria Restaurant"

RATHER nicely said, what, and to me, must say, there's nothing sad or depressing about Autumn, as so many of the old poets and people seemed to think. And talk about activity—well, it's not Nature only that's active, is it, these Autumn days? Seems to me always, in truth, it's the real and best time for work and doing things—in Spring there's that restless feeling of expectation and discontent around, and Summer brings a kind of sense of completion and wanting to lie on your oars, as they say. But Autumn's like breakfast-time on a brisk and sunny morning, when you've had your sleep and your bath and feel fit to conquer the world. . . . And here we are in London now all full of beans, so to speak, and plunging into all sorts of exciting things with simply heaps of pep, verve, and vim—parties and politics, art and argument, dances and dinners, and shows and shopping, and what not.

EVEN the men, imagine it, actually beginning to talk about their Autumn fashions, which you'll be terribly surprised, I'm sure, to hear, dear cousin, are to be done in "quiet, neat colours" (instead of the usual brilliant vermilions and purples and greens, what?). And greys and blacks are to be largely indulged in, and you'll be thrilled to learn that "increasing numbers of men are

(*Continued on page* 210).

la même poudre



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HOUBIGANT

Maker of Perfumes since 1775 PARIS

(Continued from page 208)

wearing," what do you think?—the bowler hat. Yes, but, mark you, with some quite notable differences of at least an eighth of an inch or so from the sort they used to patronise in 1888. The dear things—wellnigh incorrigibly Conservative, are not they, spite of ebullitions of new Sir Oswald and Ramsay Mac combine and all the rest of it.

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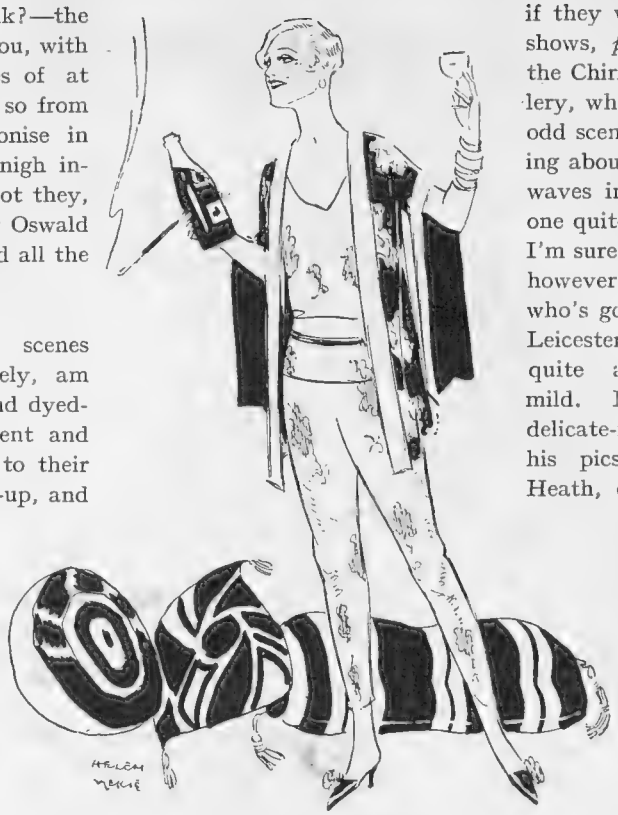
And oh, some terrible scenes there've been just lately, am told, when old and crusted and dyed-in-the-wool members of ancient and honourable clubs came back to their haunts after the annual clean-up, and found their favourite fastnesses positively transformed in the process. Time-honoured dingy curtains and things sanctified (and scented) by the clinging smoke of ages ruthlessly swept away, modern carpets instead of the Brussels ones that dated back to Waterloo, terribly fresh and clean walls in a delicate shade of *eau de Nil*. And, worst and most heinous of all, that immemorial and well-worn armchair, where for forty years, man and boy, they'd sat on the *Saturday* while they snorted at the *Mail* till they were ready to turn to the *Times* (under their arms)—where is it? Something quite offensively new instead from Garing and Willows . . . an outrage, sir, a positive outrage.



"Bottle and pyjama parties"

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Times have changed for 'em, alas, have not they—the poor old things. And what shocks they'd have if they went to some of the new art shows, *par exemple*, like the one of the Chirico pictures at the Tooth Gallery, where there are some very, very odd scenes of bedroom furniture floating about in a valley, and woods and waves intruding into a bedroom—no one quite knows what they mean, but I'm sure they must be fearfully clever, however *épatant*. And Mr. Nevinson, who's got one of his shows on at the Leicester Galleries, is, by contrast, quite astonishingly ordinary and mild. Nothing to alarm the most delicate-minded of maiden aunts in his pics. of snow on Hampstead Heath, or still more suitably topical "Autumn Sunshine"—and you know he always draws with rather a lovely line.

卐

Talking of snow and things, they've started skating again at the good old Ice Club in Westminster—which sounds somewhat wintry, does not it—complete with nice new Royal box and cosy-corner lounge with iceberg-y sort of electric lights. And truly becoming ice-frocks must most certainly be included in our shopping, that's so much more congenial these days, now the shops are really rather pleasant refuges from the chilly outside air 'stead of the hothouses they were inclined to be in the late-lamented summer. Having a long coat over your frock, by the way, is the Paris mode of the moment, *plus* trimmings of fur. Another cheerful place of entertainment for the winter is the Hungaria Restaurant in Lower Regent Street.

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But I s'pose all such vanities are really awfully immoral, according to the good-advice preachers and parsons, whereof likewise there's a goodly autumn crop—oh, yes, they're every bit as autumnally active as any of the rest of us. There's the celebrated Father Woodlock, *par exemple*, on whom the mantle of Father Bernard Vaughan seemeth to've fallen, informing us how the Sins of Society are still flourishing and exactly the same as ever (like the ones who so nobly and fearlessly tell us all about 'em). Ceaseless succession of amusements, reckless rush after new excitements—that's what we spend our entire empty lives on, it appears, or, anyway, someone does. Scarlet lip-sticks (should they be some other shade?), cocktails, night-clubs, bottle and pyjama parties, novel erotic dances . . . . Dear, dear! With love, yours ever,

Blanchette.

Autumn fashions for men are being discussed now

TO ARTISTS.—The Art Editor is always at home to young aspiring artists on Wednesday afternoons between 3 and 5 p.m., and is anxious to encourage talent suitable for The Bystander. *Work should be modern and up to date, with original ideas and bold treatment.*

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CHALIAPINE'S WILD OATS

BY THE BYSTANDER YOUNG MAN

By Matt

Russia was in the air. Russia was on the tongue. All the Americans in the Savoy were ordering caviare at each other's expense. A wet east wind was coming down the Strand in icy steppes. So I took the lift.

"Monsieur Chaliapine?"

"First on the left, door at the end. Go right in."

Somebody trod on my hat. Somebody else dug me in the ribs with the working end of a magnesium fuse.

"Now, gentlemen, will you please ask Monsieur Chaliapine any questions you wish."

Silence.

"Wud ye mind tellin' me, Mistaire Chaliapine, whether ye'd like to goo bak to Roosia or no? An' will ye be singin' in English, Mistaire Chaliapine? An' do ye like the languidge to sing in? Have you heard of Mrs. McPherson? *Est-ce-que vous trouvez m'sieu que le climat anglais vous dérange beaucoup la voix?* Are you to appear on the 'talkies'? Are you going to the Motor Show? Are? . . . Are? . . . Are? . . . Is? . . . Is? . . . Is?"

Babble and babble, and above the babble that large, blonde head with its pale, fair hair, its genial smile, its youthful blue eyes. Smiling and answering, answering in Russian, answering in Italian, answering in French, answering in English, little bits of broken English. And the blue eyes always smiling, and the blue eyes always young. M. Chaliapine is fifty-five, but he is still a young man.

You think of singers with studiously insubordinate hair, with a Continental prejudice against razors, with artistically dishevelled clothes, sprayed with the stains of other days and dinners—a Victorian and insular illusion. M. Chaliapine has found the Englishman's flair for being inconspicuously well-dressed.

There came the snap of forty-five thousand note-books, or at least a dozen, then they took one more photograph of Il Maestro—The Master, I like that—at the piano, one more left hook to the right rib with the wrong camera, and I approached.

"Will you tell me something of your youth? What is the first thing that you remember?"

"How I bawled! How I yelled," cried M. Chaliapine, "when, at the age of four, the stupendous Russian policeman removed me from the street to the police station. I think it must have been then that I first realised I had a voice!"

"So your first memory is really of your voice."

"It is, and when other children played marbles I played scales on my vocal chords. Sometimes they protested. I always hit back. And after lifting my voice in the streets I began to lift it to heaven: I sang in the choir of the Archbishop of Kazan."

"You wanted to get on early terms with the stars."

"But when I was not soaring to heaven I was struggling on earth, shoemaker, clerk, railway porter, stevedore, more clerking, and then, how will you say, a *monte di pieta*—pawnbroking."

"And after that you ran away and joined a little travelling opera company that floated from town to town on the Volga?"

"Yes, but how did you know? Ah, but that's not the only thing that happened when I was seventeen. When I was seventeen I started falling in love."

"But your work, you ——." I was trying not to hope for indiscretions.

"It was at Ufa. She was an actress. I remember her fair, gold—no, er, no, it was dark, dark blue, you know, like a forest at night."

Ah! Those devastating blondes!

"And yet, was it blue? Or was it gold? Well, anyway, she was an actress. She had a small part in the operetta 'I Innocenti.' I was in the chorus."

"Love from afar."

"Very, very far. I—I never even spoke to her. She doesn't know to this day."

"Monsieur Chaliapine, you have my sympathy. There was, there was a girl I once saw at Clapham Junction."

"Excuse me, I thought that was a musical hall joke."

"Not yet, it's still only a railway station."

"Ah."

A little silence.

"And the girl? I should say, you never spoke to her?"

"No, but I managed to find my voice elsewhere." He smiled. "There was even a duel." He bent down and showed me a faint mark on his forehead. "He wounded me there, I wounded him in the arm. So, of course, we were the best of friends ever afterwards."

"And you found a course of wild oats excellent training for your work?"

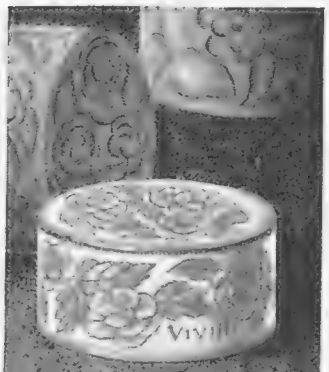
"Yes. I was always falling in love, though I don't know whether I should have achieved greatness!"

"Youth, it is youth. I am not young, but I feel still young. When I begin to feel old I shall sing no more. It is only the young mouth that can sing." Or, as he said it in French: "*Il n'est que la jeune bouche qui peut chanter.*"

Youth! Youth! I eschewed the lift. I ran down the stairs. I buffeted against the icy steppes in the Strand. I ordered caviare and champagne. I drank to all singers. I sang to all drinkers.

Youth!

Perfumery



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HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Topical

WITH THE QUORN

The Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall and Mrs. Hanky ready to move off. The photograph was taken at a recent meet of the Quorn at Ratcliffe Cross Roads

Poole, Waterford

A HUNTING ENGAGEMENT

Miss Phyllis Wall, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wall, of Clonsilla, Co. Dublin, whose engagement to Capt. J. D. Barret, of Dunshaughlin, Co. Dublin, is announced. She is a keen follower of the Meath

Topical

BEFORE THE RUN

Mrs. Seymour photographed whilst out with the Pytchley. She is seen waiting for hounds to move off from Naseby Covert

An Unlucky Litter

One day last week I was playing golf on one of those excellent Surrey courses not far from the main Portsmouth road. My partner said, as we were passing a coppice quite close to the club house: "A litter of cubs was bred there a short time ago." On inquiring what had become of those young foxes, I was informed that they had all been killed. The news of their summary fate came as rather a shock to the fox-hunting mind. It is true that there is no pack of foxhounds in the district to which I am referring, but many countries would have been glad of that litter, and it would not have been impossible to have found a new home for them in a hunting district, where they would have had a fair chance of saving their brushes. Home-bred foxes are, of course, to be preferred to the turned-down variety, but the latter can show good sport in countries where the stock is sparse. Fortunately, there are not many hunting districts where a pronounced shortage of the raw material exists.

The Shooting Question

So far back as my memory takes me there has always been a little trouble in certain countries through the conflict of fox-hunting and shooting interests. In most cases the policy of give-and-take results in mutual satisfaction. Where good feeling and friendly consideration prevail, both branches of sport can be carried on successfully. This subject is touched on in a letter I have received from Sir F. Villiers Forster, the veteran Joint-Master of the South Staffordshire pack. "Cubs on the north side of this country," he writes, "are very numerous, and on the south side the reports are more favourable than they were last year. One has to recognise that the shooting tenants have a good deal to do with the preservation of foxes. I regard it as essential that all Masters of Hounds should personally interview the shooting tenants and ask them to impress on their keepers the necessity of having some foxes on their shoot. If managed properly, there ought to be an understanding between the Hunt and the owners of coverts. The M.F.H. for his part should study the wishes of the shooting tenants, and the latter in return should encourage the sport of fox-hunting as much as possible." Sir Villiers adds that he has experienced no difficulty with the farmers who have bought their own farms.

M.F.H.'s Grievance

Not in every quarter, however, do the relations of hunting and shooting progress so smoothly as they do in South Stafford. I know of several countries in the South-Western area in which the want of consideration on the part of shooting tenants is regarded as a menace to fox-hunting. Some of the worst offenders are rich and titled men who own really big shoots. When I was talking on this question with a provincial M.F.H. a few

Photo Illus.

WITH THE HARRIERS ON SALISBURY PLAIN

A photograph taken at the opening meet of the Royal Artillery Harriers at Bulford Camp on Salisbury Plain. Major-General Sir Montgomery Massingberd, G.O.C. Southern Command, is seen on the left, and next to him is the Master, Major C. P. S. Layard, M.C.

days ago I found him highly indignant with many of the people who run elaborate shoots in his particular country. "Their keepers," he said, "keep no cubs, and we are never let in their coverts until towards the end of November, and in one case we are *never* allowed in. A curious thing is that the sons of these men hunt in the smart countries and are looked on as good sportsmen." I always find this subject one of considerable delicacy and one that is difficult to tackle in print. Perhaps what I have written may have the effect of reminding covert-owners that foxes can be kept as well as pheasants if the spirit is willing.

Motoring to Hounds

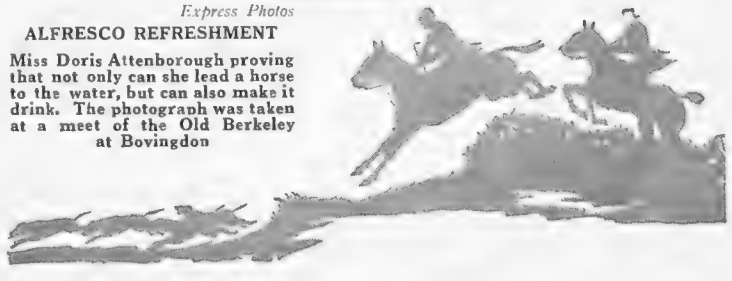
TARRED roads and the increase of motor traffic necessarily add to the difficulties of hunting. Lord Bathurst tells me that no cars are allowed to follow the hounds in the country of which he is M.F.H. The more the great undesirability of motor cars following hounds can be brought to the notice of hunting people the better. "The practice is fast becoming a scourge," writes the hon. secretary of one of the leading packs in the Midland district. This official goes on to express the opinion that the hunting community might be reminded always to consider the farmer, to whom they are indebted for their sport, and remember to do as little damage as possible. In the latter direction a lot of trouble is experienced in his Hunt as the result of people riding among sheep. He adds: "A cheery 'Good-morning' and a 'Thank you' for opening a gate goes a long way towards cementing friendship."

A. W. C.

Express Photos

ALFRESCO REFRESHMENT

Miss Doris Attenborough proving that not only can she lead a horse to the water, but can also make it drink. The photograph was taken at a meet of the Old Berkeley at Bovingdon



BYSTANDER BRIDGE

PENCIL BRIDGE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

A NEW device for playing and practising Bridge which will appeal to the enthusiast has been devised by an American.

It is decidedly ingenious, diverting and amusing, and has the great advantage that it is for one player alone.

All you have to do is to buy "Pencil Bridge," by Geoffrey Mott-Smith (Putnams, 6s. net). It gives you a chance of playing against experts and finding out your faults and defects in bidding and play. The method is admirably simple. You have fifty hands which have been selected from tournament matches in America. Every deal has some outstanding feature which the average player is quite likely to overlook. All four hands are presented printed in red and black, and a blank space is provided in which you fill up in pencil what you think the bidding and play should be.

Examine each hand carefully and then bid it and play it as you think the actual player would. In looking over each hand ask yourself "How should *he* bid it? How should *he* play it?"

Do not allow the fact tnat you can see all of the cards of the four players influence you in the slightest. Play each hand according to its individual worth, bidding and playing it exactly in the way you think the player holding it would.

Then, for of course you will not cheat, although I have known players who cheat (themselves) at Patience, look at section two and compare your own puny or successful efforts with what the giants did or say they did.

You thus learn your lesson or lessons and promise you will amend in future.

. . . . . .

Here is a specimen hand. I have only altered the American N, S, E, W, to A, B, Y and Z.

	Y: S.—7, 4, 3. H.—Q, 10, 9, 8, 4, 2. D.—3. C.—9, 3, 2.	
A: S.—A, 6. H.—A, K, 5. D.—8, 7, 6, 4, 2. C.—A, Q, J.		B: S.—K, J, 10, 8, 5. H.—J, 6, 3. D.—Q. C.—10, 6, 5, 4.
	Z: S.—Q, 9, 2. H.—7. D.—A, K, J, 10, 9, 5. C.—K, 8, 7.	

This is how the bidding should go. Z deals and bids "One Diamond"; A, "Double"; Y, "No bid"; B, "One Spade"; Z, "Two Diamonds"; A, "No bid"; Y, "Two Hearts"; B, "Two Spades." All pass.

A holds the type of hand when an informatory double is desirable, and is preferable to a bid of "One No Trump." At the same time A cannot risk a business double on Z's re-bid of Diamonds, as he does not know whether B has a single high card. On second round Y is right to show the Hearts, and B's hand calls for a re-bid as the Spade suit is longer and stronger than A can assume.

How should B play it to make game?

At first sight it may look simple and you may say that B can lose only one Spade, one Heart and one Diamond.

But with Z opening King and then Ace of Diamonds you will see that B is forced at the second trick, leaving him only four trumps. He may go wrong easily. In fact, to make sure of game B must play very well, as he may easily be in the wrong hand at the wrong moment.

Work it out.

SPIRITS OF THE DANCE

A scene from Gladys Spencer Curling's new Chopin ballet "Revolution," now being staged at the London Coliseum. Nemchinova and Anton Dolin, the two principals, are seen as The Spirit of Peace and The Spirit of Revolution, respectively

Frank Davis

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WRITE FOR THE CIRO PEARL AND CIRO JEWELLERY BOOKLETS NO. 7 SENT POST FREE

TO BE MARRIED

Mrs. Nettie Thistlethwayte, who is shortly to be married to Mr. James Ramage Addams (right), eldest son of Mrs. Inez Addams, of Shaws End, Broom Close, Esher, Surrey. Mr. Addams is in the Royal Air Force

Femina

On Taking Electricity Naturally

By MRS. M. VINCE

A GENERATION has already grown up to which electric light and electric fires are part of the natural order of domestic things. In the eyes of this new generation the world which did not have electricity belongs to the Middle Ages. And yet, although it has become part of the natural order of things, we have not yet learnt to take it naturally. We shall not really deserve the conveniences of electricity until we *have* learnt to do this and to fit it into the decoration of our rooms without extravagant display.

I WENT round an exhibition of furnished rooms the other day, and it was very curious to see what a to-do the decorators had made of the electric lights and electric fires. One would have said that they were using them both for the first time, that they had got quite feverish at the idea of this strange new means of lighting and heating, and that they could not make sufficient fuss of it.

THIS extravagance has gone to such a length that we seem almost to have forgotten that the business of light is to light. I saw one small drawing-room in this exhibition which could have been quite well lighted with four brackets on the walls and a movable lamp. As it was, it had no fewer than seven separate light-fittings—not counting three bowls with lights in them. Every one was a different shape. Every one was a different colour. Yet, though there were twice as many lights as the room required, they were so busy showing off their fittings that the room was poorly lighted.

THE failure to use the electric fires naturally was even greater. It was the failure to recognise that the simplicity and the small size of the electric fire require a corresponding simplicity in the decoration of the fireplace. Both in the imitation of the older types of fireplace and in the design of new types, as shown in this exhibition, the fireplaces were grotesquely out of proportion to the fires.

THERE was, for example, one small dining-room, intended for a flat, which had a large chimney-piece right up to the ceiling, built of the bare brick. It had an iron basket for the fire, heavy iron dogs, and even an iron fire-back. Within this massive structure was a small electric fire.

ANOTHER fireplace was built of stone. It filled the whole width of the room; it was nearly three feet deep; it, too, had large iron dogs, and *this* massive structure was to contain an electric fire for heating a room which was so small that four chairs and a small table made it seem over-full of furniture.

WE do not find this want of proportion in other parts of the house. We do not build a garage which could house a Rolls-Royce if we only have a Baby Austin. We do not show our love of the Middle Ages by having our chops cooked on a spit in front of a large open fire. And yet people who would at once describe either of these things as unnecessary and extravagant will go to all the expense of having a big fireplace, and iron dogs and fire-back, for a type of fire one of whose very advantages is that it makes such things unnecessary.

THERE was the same lack of all sense of proportion, not in structure, but in decoration, in the fireplaces specially designed for electric fires. The big old fireplaces in which a man could stand, and in which half an oak tree could be burnt, could carry an elaborately decorated mantelpiece above them. But a small electric fire needs a setting as simple as itself. Instead of that, the fireplaces at this exhibition which had been specially designed for electric fires were loaded with mirrors and marble and elaborate carving.

ONE of these fireplaces, intended for a hall, must have been nearly nine feet high. It was of blue and green tiles, and carved and gilded wood, while in the middle was a gilt niche with the figure of a Chinaman in it. When you had looked at this for some time and wondered what it was, you discovered standing on the floor beneath it a tiny electric stove. It looked almost pathetically absurd. Such a fireplace for such a fire is not decoration. It is much more like a strange revival of fire-worship.

Bertram Park

MRS. NORMAN FREUDENTHAL

Who is greatly interested in the work of the Ivory Cross National Dental Fund, on whose behalf she is organising a Supper Dance and Special Cabaret. This will take place at the Ambassador's Club, Conduit Street on Nov. 7

An Affair of Fashions

A piquant interest was added to the usual delights of Ninette's Dress Shows when, at the Café de Paris the other day, some of her pretty mannequins appeared leading magnificent dogs. When the first girl entered she was greeted with a murmur of approval, for, clad in a sports suit carried out in yellow, brown, and mole stripes, with white spots on the jumper, she led a tiny Peke whose silky coat harmonised perfectly with these colours. Later a veritable Diana won enthusiastic applause when she came swiftly in, wearing a handsome coat of black velvet trimmed with ciré braid and lavishly adorned with pointed fox, two marvellous Borzoi's preceding her and straining at their leash completing a perfect autumn picture.

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ALL HANDS—AND A LORRY—TO THE ROPES *Photopress*

One of the four flying boats which took part in the R.A.F. Far Eastern flight being hauled ashore at the Seletar Air Base, Singapore. The flying boats included a flight round Australia and back to Singapore in their travels

FLYING NOTES

LONDON is to have a new aerodrome on the Great West Road near Hounslow, quite near the site of the old one which was used as the first civil air-port. This latest venture is being financed by two private owners, Mr. Muntz and Mr. H. N. St. V. Norman, who expect to provide accommodation for about forty light 'planes and eventually develop the site for all types. There are many war-time pilots availing themselves of the cheap facilities provided by the London Club to regain their old cunning in the air. The modern light 'plane is far easier to fly than almost any machine designed before 1918, so that even those who have not taken the controls for ten years find little difficulty with anything except landing, and after a few flights with an instructor they go solo quite happily, feeling as if they had never given it up. September was a record month at Stag Lane, the two club instructors putting in more than 180 hours between them. The aerodrome is now advertised as the busiest in the world, with 1,000 landings made on one day during the summer. In addition to club flying and that by private owners, there are seven instructors with the De Havilland School, and a large amount of test work is carried out daily on new Moths and other types.

Topical

AT LE BOURGET

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin photographed on their arrival at the French aerodrome. They crossed from New York to Cherbourg in the Leviathan, bringing with them an amphibian aeroplane, in which they completed their journey to Le Bourget

A light 'plane club for Hull is probable in the Spring, as a well-known local firm has opened the subscription list with a large sum, and the Blackburn Company has offered the facilities of Brough Aerodrome. On Saturday next there is to be an air display at Sheep Bridge Farm, Swallowfield, near Reading, being the first meeting of a county club for Berks, Bucks, and Oxon.

Mr. Ivor McClure returned recently from another air tour of Europe on his Moth. The main purpose of the journey being to find out what places were worth visiting again, his conclusion is that nearly all the delightful spots are now most accessible from the air. Customs formalities are still rather tiresome for the private air traveller, and refuelling facilities at most aerodromes quite archaic, but, apart from these drawbacks, which are minor ones, unless you are in a hurry, there is no more pleasant way of seeing Europe, or of seeing the world, for that matter. Mr. McClure thinks that the aeroplane will transform us eventually from islanders into Europeans, because traffic congestion on the roads of Britain will force us to fly, and, having got into the air and strayed over the Channel, we shall realise at last that frontiers exist only on paper.

The experimental service by flying boat between Liverpool and Belfast promised at one time to be a considerable success, but would-be strap-hangers were disappointed several times owing to bad weather, which made it impossible to leave the moorings. It seems that it will be difficult to keep open a regular air route during the Winter, mainly because landing and taking off from congested harbours like Liverpool and Belfast cannot be carried out with safety when fog obscures the fairway. The route could be operated by aeroplanes more easily, but the ideal craft would be amphibious, capable of landing at an aerodrome or on the sea. It is a curious fact that the public generally has much greater faith in flying boats than in any other type of aircraft, and it seems a pity that there is not more opportunity for flights over the sea. The reasons for this preference are largely psychological; the hull of a flying boat appears much larger, and is certainly very much stronger, than the fuselage of an aeroplane, and, the sea being one vast aerodrome, there is a feeling of security which may not be present when flying just over the tree tops in a land machine.

The performance of a flying boat on the water, and to a certain extent in the air, is affected adversely by the

presence of barnacles and seaweed on the hull, so that its bottom must be scraped and painted occasionally just like an ordinary ship. On the R.A.F. flight to the Far East the four Southamptons had to be cleaned by men standing in shallow water, as no beaching facilities were available. Sir Alan Cobham coped with a similar difficulty on the West Coast of Africa by constructing a rough timber grid on to which the "Singapore" was floated at high tide. For commercial purposes it must be possible to make a rapid inspection and repairs, so that the recent tests of the "Calcutta" in a floating dock are of interest to those who may think of owning a flying boat. The super-marine "Solent" is now privately owned, and a new and smaller class of flying boat will most probably appear in time for the Aero Show next year.

DOING IT ON HIS HEAD *P. and A.*

Victor Glordan, who established a world's record for flying upside down, photographed at the Templehof Aerodrome, Berlin, with his Raab-Katzenstein-Schwalbe aeroplane. He flew upside down for 19 minutes without a passenger, and, according to reports from Berlin, for 32 minutes with a passenger

British light 'planes occupy a position second to none in the world to-day, as evidenced by their foreign sales record, which has been attained through flights and performances of outstanding merit. Similarly our pilots and our methods of instruction are attracting to this country an increasing number of foreigners who wish to learn the art of flying. In addition to pupils from the Dominions, our Colonies, India and Egypt, there are now five nationalities represented at the De Havilland school, Norway, Italy, Spain, Japan and Portugal.

"Aerofilms" of Hendon are extending their activities to include taxi work, the charge per mile for a "Moth" being 1*s.* 8*d.* This can be taken as an average revenue figure for a light 'plane, so that anyone else thinking of hiring out a machine in another part of the country can accept this figure without question when preparing an estimate. There must be heaps of people learning to fly who have vague ideas of turning their knowledge and skill into profit, and they will find manufacturers only too willing to assist them if they are prepared to purchase and operate a machine. Private flying on the same scale as private motoring is on its way, although many years will elapse before aeroplanes are as numerous as motor cars. People who hate aeroplanes probably hate all forms of progress, but the rest of the world accepts them and will find them increasingly useful in some form or another. If we get our usual English winter, flying times will decrease everywhere, but the winter is the right time to select new aerodromes, as the ground is at its worst, so that next year there should be a long list of fresh places where safe landings can be made.

C. E. WARD.

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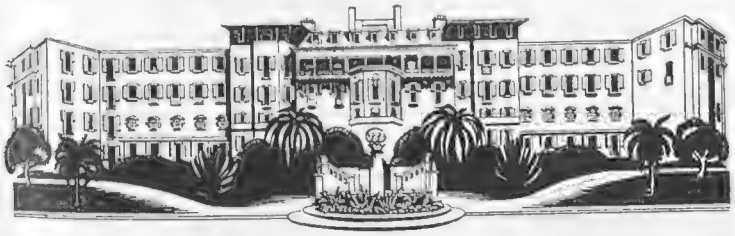

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Photographs *Topical*

A SUFFERER FROM RHEUMATISM BEING TREATED IN THE BATHS IN A TRAVELLING CRANE

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In the same way the tailors who work under them, and who sew the clothes by hand, are experienced craftsmen. This hand labour is of necessity expensive, but it is imperative, for it is impossible to get the same style from the machine labour used in less expensive houses.

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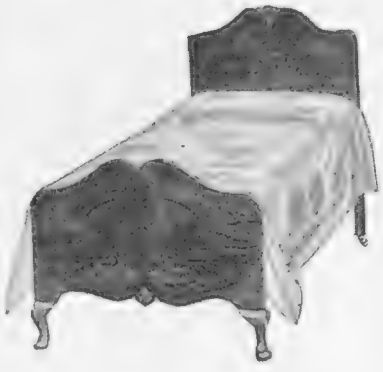

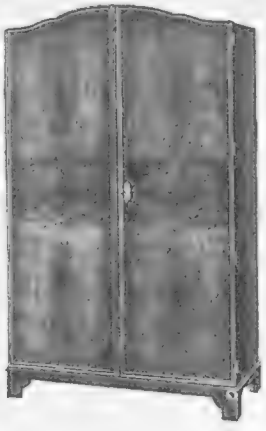

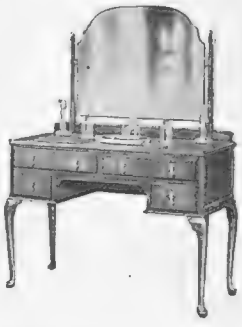

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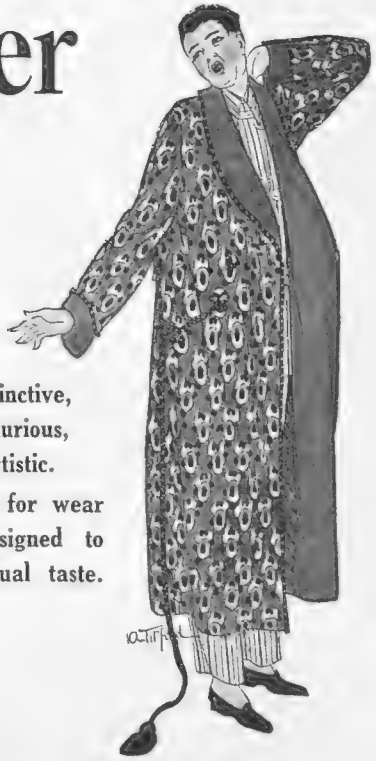

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

THE Ghazi Mustapha Kemal, Turkey's Dictator, has at least one whole-hearted admirer in this country, and that, as you might have expected, is Miss Grace Ellison. In her new book, *Turkey To-day* (Hutchinson: 18*s.*), at any rate, she can find no words too good for him. He is six supermen rolled into one. And yet, perhaps, she is not to be blamed if this peculiar man has bewitched her. For the hero who can order the women of a whole nation to alter every one of their habits, and see that his orders are obeyed, is surely no ordinary being. That, it seems, is what Kemal has done. Only a few years ago a Turkish woman was practically a prisoner in the harem. She covered her face with a veil. She was given no choice in the surely important matter of husbands. About freedom she knew nothing at all. To-day she appears abroad with her husband, and the veil is no more. She orders her dresses in Paris. She dances the fox-trot and its successors. She is beginning to take an intelligent interest in the political situation. Soon she will be playing hockey and leading her husband by the nose—in the usual Western way.

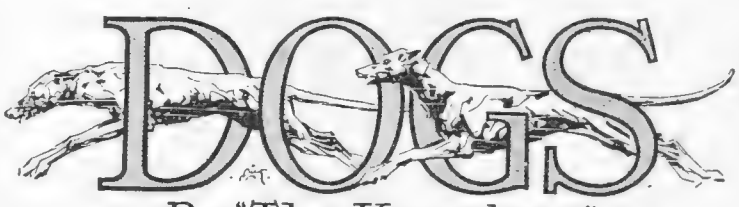
MISS GRACE ELLISON
Whose interesting book, "Turkey To-day," is reviewed on this page. It is published by Messrs. Hutchinson

But I must hasten to say that if Miss Ellison's view of the Ghazi and his not too comfortable Republic be not everybody's, her new book is no less valuable, and certainly no less enjoyable, on that account. It is a jolly, personal, adventurous, inquisitive book, which coaxes you into believing that its author somehow managed to smuggle you in with her, when she bearded the Ghazi in Angora, and attended Parliament (where, oddly and conveniently enough, nobody contradicts Ministers) and called on the Embassy people. It makes you understand the really astonishing things that have happened within the last few years. The fez forbidden, hats compulsory. (Where, I wonder, were they all manufactured?) And, of all unlikely things in the world, co-educational schools with boy and girl scouts! But if you see the new Turkey that she found last year, you also obtain glimpses of the old Turkey that she knew years ago, and the magnitude of the change becomes clear.

For all that, I wonder if you or I, accompanying Miss Ellison through this modern Turkey, would have been quite so pleased. As far as the altered status of women is concerned, we should probably have been quite as enthusiastic as she. (From her own accounts of life in the harems they must have been dull enough places.) But if Abdul Hamid was a tyrant, and corruption was rife, and you were liable to be killed off rather nastily for political offences in the old days, are things so very much better to-day? It is certainly not wise to annoy the Ghazi, as his wife, amongst others, found out. Nor is political opposition exactly encouraged. Free speech does not form part of Turkey's new freedom. And the Ghazi's Republic—well, is it quite the *mot juste?*

But still, it does not matter very much; there are few British subjects, and most certainly no other British woman, who is capable of writing a more entertaining or more informative book than this work of Miss Ellison's *Turkey To-day*.

R. S.



By "The Kennelman"

WITH November no more than a week ahead there's not much "if" about winter coming, and, without reminders in the shape of different underclothing and overcoats, the Dogs are as much aware of it as we are. But, cheery optimists that they are, healthy Dogs haven't the smallest objection even to the most old-fashioned kind of winter, especially when they have the luck to live in the country. Dampness is an enemy of theirs, however (like dirt and draughts), and they are undoubtedly subject to rheumatism. While on the move they enjoy cold (and love snow), but they should never be allowed to sit or lie about on damp ground or to sleep on floors. Their sleeping-places should be raised above the level of floor draughts, and they do need a good rub down after exposure to wet. They also need a somewhat more generous proportion of proteid—raw lean flesh is the best form of it—in winter than in summer dietary.

The fender and the hearthrug attract Dogs strongly, like bits of muffin and other indulgences by no means good for their health; but it's a cruel form of kindness that permits 'em to bake their noses up to the moment of their human associates' retirement to blankets and possible hot-water bottles, and then banishes them for the night to draughty landings, cold cloakrooms, or the like. Far better forbid the hearth and guarantee a bed above floor level in a temperature that won't fall below 50°, anyhow. Also—this really is important—don't forget that house Dogs in particular need their regular daily whack of exercise even more in winter than in summer, *and* their daily grooming. As for the professionally reared inhabitants of biggish kennels, they are pretty safely secured against hardship the year round, for experts watch over them who know very well that anything less than real health and happiness for the Dogs will inevitably bring failure in the kennel balance-sheet. The notion that theirs is a life of bored imprisonment is pure fallacy, if only for the reason that no fancier could afford the effects of that kind of thing.

But it is a fact, despite the improvement wrought by education, that abominable cases of cruelty and neglect are still common in this Dog-loving land, cases in which, winter and summer alike, Dogs are kept chained for weeks on end to old boxes and barrels which it is a mockery to call kennels. Only the other day in a Midland court a man was prosecuted for keeping a Bull Terrier—of all canine good fellows!—so chained for three months without intermission. The victim was found almost dead, and badly cut and injured from his own persistent striving to escape; and the lord of creation responsible was fined £2. A flogging would have fitted the crime better, and the existing laws permit a sentence of three months' hard labour, with an order for removal of the Dog. What, then, is to be said for the magistrate who inflicts a £2 fine, condoning such wickedness as being less blameworthy than allowing the rear lamp of a car to blow out!

A reader in Somerset says: "There are hundreds of keen and knowledgeable Dog-lovers in the country who can't afford to buy a pedigree Dog, much as they would enjoy the rearing of one." Perhaps the best course for anyone so placed is to apply to the Master of the nearest Hunt and offer to walk one or two Foxhound puppies—an extremely interesting job. Failing that, why not get from the Kennel Club the addresses of established fanciers and breeders in the district and make similar offers to one or other of them? It means the wrench of periodical partings, of course, but there's highly interesting companionship meanwhile, to say nothing of the after interest of following the career of the youngster so fostered.

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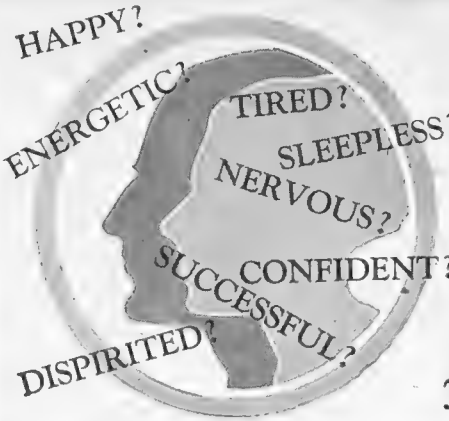

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MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

AT THE LODGE GATE

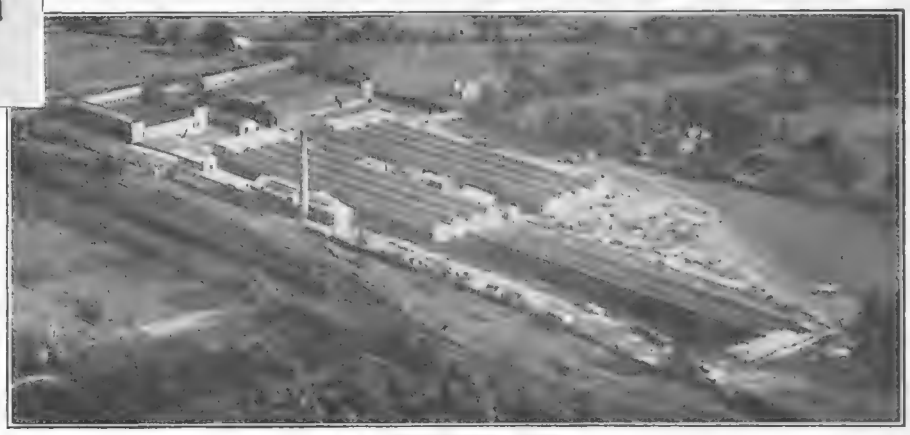
A 9 h.p. Standard Sports Saloon, the property of Mr. J. Templeman, of Stoke-on-Trent, photographed outside Lilleshall Hall

MESSRS. THRUPP & MABERLY, LTD., the well-known coach-builders, of Devonshire House, W.1, tell me that their exhibit in the Paris Salon met with a very gratifying reception. The car shown was an enclosed fixed Cabriolet de Ville mounted on a 40-50 h.p. Phantom Rolls-Royce chassis. Low build is not, as a rule, a feature of coachwork constructed especially for this fine chassis, as the great length of the wheelbase makes it possible to give a large amount of head-room without the result looking too high. This particular car, however, is built very low, and embodies all the newest and latest in coachwork design. An important feature is its extreme lightness.

***

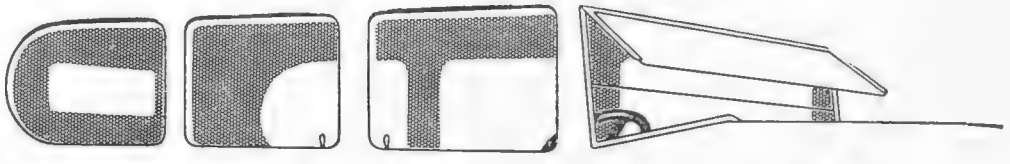
IN the bad old days of the Victorian era if a man wanted to show his prosperity he dressed the part. Those were the days, you remember, of the astrakhan collar—and need I say more? Later came the time when the possession of a car fulfilled the same function, and we proud owners became less particular about dressing up to the part; in fact, we dare not do so, for at any minute we might (and did) have to dive under the car for minor repairs and adjustments. Then, with the coming of the all-weather body, and more recently the popular saloon, special clothing became less and less necessary. We were content merely to be respectably dressed.

(Continued on page x)



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

A fine aerial photograph of the Triplex Works at King's Norton, near Birmingham. The site covers 23 acres and there are 215,445 feet of covered workshops



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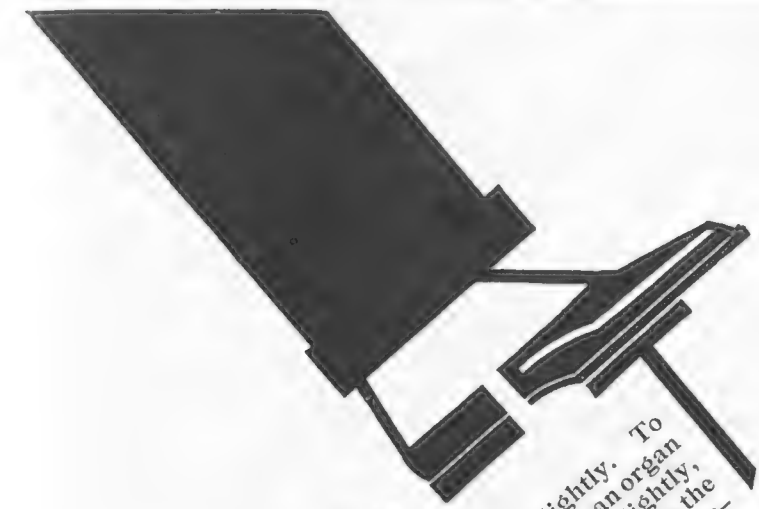

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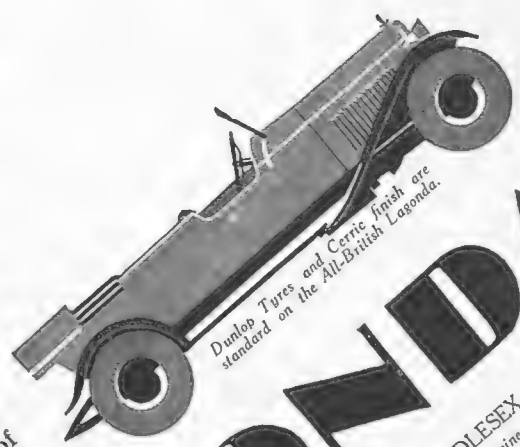

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TO-DAY it has gone a step farther. In this era of motoring for all, many people have sunk their all in the family car; and even more, for the wardrobe fund sometimes provides the wherewithal to meet the monthly instalment bill. Thus has come about a revolution in male attire. The reliability and weather-proofness of the car have played their parts. There was a time when one had to dress to keep out the cold, and one's clothing had to have room to carry tools for the eternal messing about that was necessary. All that is past history. We are returning to an era of smartness in motoring dress, toned down by the sobering effects of heavy taxation, garage, and insurance costs, to say nothing of the monthly instalment on the car itself!

* * *

WHEN in 1911 a well-known 20 h.p. car reached the summit of Ben Nevis—after taking four and a half days in the attempt—the feat was thought to be very remarkable, inasmuch as it had previously been considered impossible. Later, another model of the same make of car made the ascent in 7¾ hours—descending on the following day. In *one day*, however (October 6 last), an Austin Seven accomplished both ascent and descent—taking only 7 hours 23 minutes and 1 hour 55 minutes respectively! As is well known, Ben Nevis is the highest peak in the British Isles—4,406 feet above sea-level—and the performance put up by this smallest of British cars (driven by an amateur, and carrying a passenger) is a very complete reply to those who think a 7 h.p. car is not powerful enough for ordinary and extraordinary requirements. In this conquest of Ben Nevis the famous little Austin Seven has added yet another wonderful record to its long list of achievements. During the Motor Show week this particular "Baby" was on view at Holland Park Hall, W.11, whither the London Sales and Service Departments have recently been moved.

A PASSAGE PERILOUS

A motor car photographed in difficulties at Rockton Creek, Bombala. Mr. Jack Staveley's Rover was the only car to get through—probably due to the high position in which the ignition distributor is fitted in the Rover

* * *

IT would be the greatest boon, from many points of view, if a law were passed making clear how traffic should behave at cross-roads. There is one method of regulation, called the off-side rule, whereunder all traffic gives way to vehicles approaching from the off-side. Another school of thought holds that main road traffic should have the precedence over all other traffic, that is to say, that the traffic on one road should always give way to another of more importance. The only difficulty about this would be how to grade the roads so as to make it clear to each stream of traffic. According to a Keighley solicitor England is the only civilised country without a distinct law calling upon drivers entering a main road from a side road to give way.

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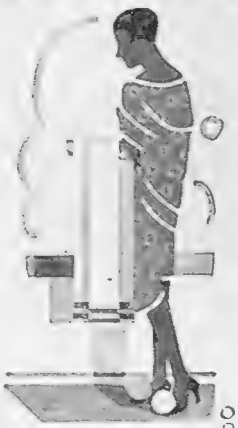

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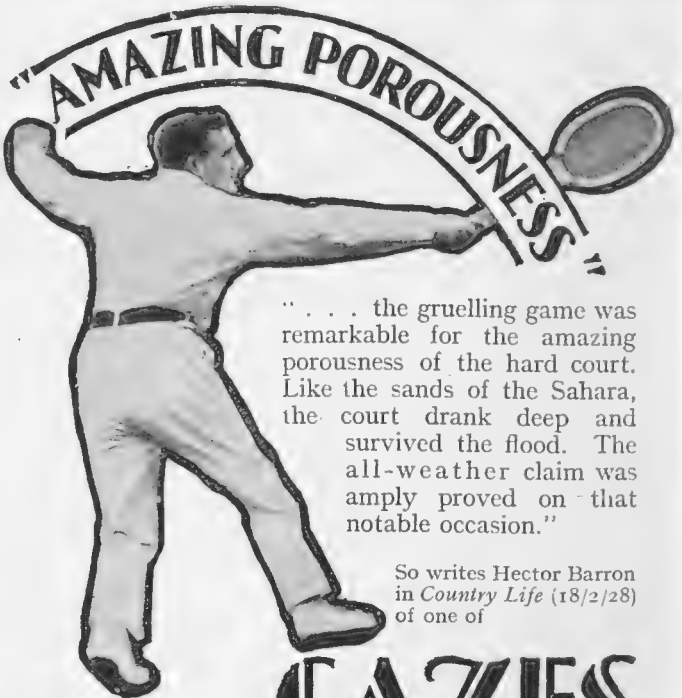

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

A graceful two-tiered skirt adds to the attractiveness of this little dress of chiffon velvet. From Harvey Nichols

Chic and Comfortable House Coats

ILLUSTRATED at the foot of this page is a group of newcomers which have met with immediate success. The lumber jacket is particularly suitable for sports wear because it fits snugly at the wrists and hips, and does not ride up when the arms are lifted. The one sketched here is of all wool, and it costs only 29*s.* 6*d.* The two sensible pockets and the adaptable neck make it most commendable. The pure wool cardigan would be a great comfort. It has a butterfly and arrow-head design woven into it, and the price is 39*s.* 6*d.* Lastly, for wear beneath autumn suits or winter coats, comes a sleeveless waistcoat in wool, with check lines in art silk imposed upon it. It is in two colours, and there is a wide choice of different combinations. It is available for 59*s.* 6*d.*, and, with the others, may be seen at Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road.

Dresses which are Simple in Outline

FASHION has decreed that simple dresses in rich fabrics shall be worn beneath fur coats this winter, and in the salons of Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, may be studied many charming interpretations of her commands. Sketched at the head of this page is a little chiffon velvet frock, the round neck of which is finished with a looped flower. The two-tiered flared skirt gives it an air of beautiful fluidity. For 6½ guineas it may be obtained in all the new autumn colours.

From Gorringes come this woollen lumber jacket and the cardigan decorated with butterflies. The sleeveless waistcoat is of silk and wool

Sketches by Beta

An Old Mode Revived

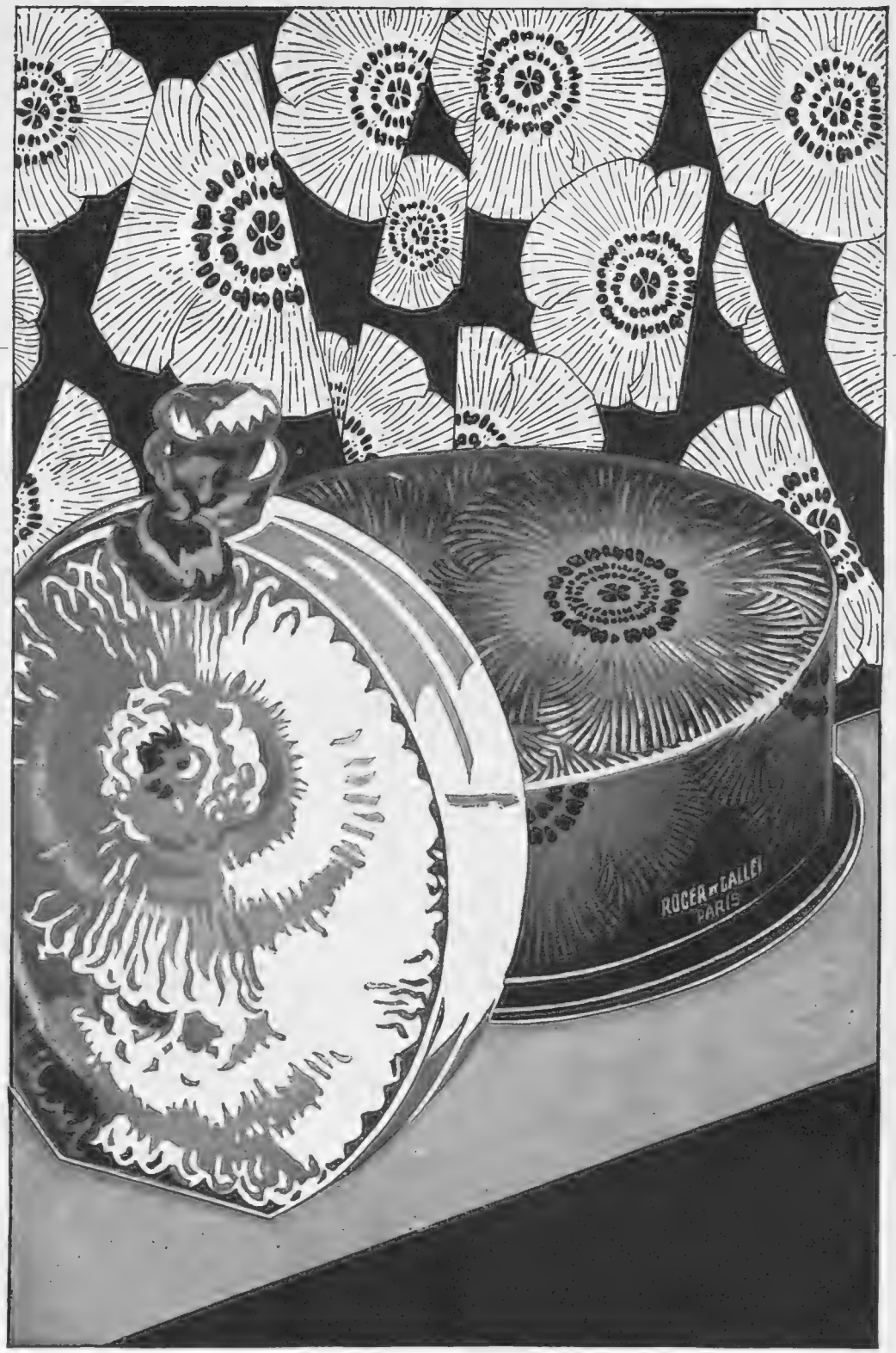
THE hour of the house coat has arrived, for the days are growing cold, and the comfort they bring add to their attraction, which in any case would be great, for never have they been more charming than they are this season. Their variety is infinite, and even though the cardigan is still the most favoured shape, on account of its slimness, there are many others which may be chosen without hesitation. Crochet appears in many of the newest designs, usually in the form of panels of thick silk or mercerised thread in a net pattern covered with small coloured embroidered flowers, the back and sleeves, if any, being knitted in silk and wool. Very smart are loose coats of vivid-hued wools loosely crocheted after the style of old-fashioned tea-cosies.

The Winter Ensemble

Georgette relieved with Giverine expresses this clever dress, which forms part of a two-piece suit that is an adaptation from a French model, and is at present sojourning at Marshall and Snelgrove's. A bronze crysanthemum introduces a touch of colour, and the skull cap of sequins is of the same hue

Giverine—a very heavy marocain—is the material that has been used for the coat. The handsome fur collar forms a becoming frame for the head and the upward curve of the frills is repeated in the line of the cuffs. Draped closely about the figure, the wrap is held in place by long sash ends

Photographs by Peter North



Le parfum à la mode

THE choice of perfume can make or mar the toilette. From Paris—dictator of fashion in perfumes, as in gowns—comes Pavots d'Argent. Indefinable, yet alluring, its elusive fragrance gives a note of subtle distinction.

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(SILVER POPPIES)

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A School Memorial

A large and distinguished congregation of clergy and laity attended the recent ceremony of dedication of the Chapel of Ellesmere College, Shropshire, which has been built as the War Memorial for the Midland Woodard Schools. The dedication service was conducted by the Bishop of Lichfield, and was followed by a Te Deum and sermon by the Bishop of Chester. At the subsequent prize-giving the prizes were distributed by the Countess of Powis. The Memorial Chapel was designed by Sir Aston Webb and follows the broad lines of the original building. Its pleasing design and beautiful interior make it a wonderful addition to the existing beauties of Ellesmere College.

A DEDICATION CEREMONY

A group taken after the dedication by the Bishop of Lichfield of the Memorial Chapel at Ellesmere College

Those Autumn Colds

A remedy that will deal effectively with colds or catarrh in their early stages or relieve them appreciably when they have a firm hold on their victim is usually in great demand at this time of year. "Vapex" Inhalant has grown greatly in popular favour since its introduction, and, sure sign of excellence, owes its success in no small measure to the personal recommendations of its users. It is only necessary to put a few drops on the handkerchief or on the pillow at night and inhale vapour from time to time to gain almost immediate relief. Moreover, "Vapex" has a very pleasing aroma, which is a great advantage in a preparation of this kind.

British Blades

It is a curious feature of business that even in the worst slumps there are always some firms which refuse to be discouraged by bad times, who are busy up to or even beyond the limit of their output. An example of this is found in the announcement that the Sheffield steel firm of James Neill & Co., Ltd., are extending their factory at a time when many Sheffield firms are bewailing their meagre order books. Messrs. Neill are old-established high-grade crucible steel manufacturers who have developed the manufacture of "Eclipse" hacksaw blades and "Eclipse" safety razor blades as subsidiaries of their first activities. These two rapidly growing subsidiary lines are now "lusty infants" which have literally "cut a way through" to good business—so much so that Messrs. Neill's extensive works cannot cope with the demand and new wings have had to be added.

Armistice Day

It is announced that the Great Western Railway are issuing cheap tickets from all parts of their system to Paddington for the Armistice Celebrations on November 11, which this year falls on Remembrance Sunday. Week-end tickets will be available from all parts of the system and will permit provincial visitors, who hitherto have been unable to attend the Cenotaph services, to spend as long as five days in the Metropolis.

A ROYAL KEY

The gold key used by His Majesty to open the Tyne Bridge. Bearing the arms of Newcastle and Gateshead, the key was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, W.1.

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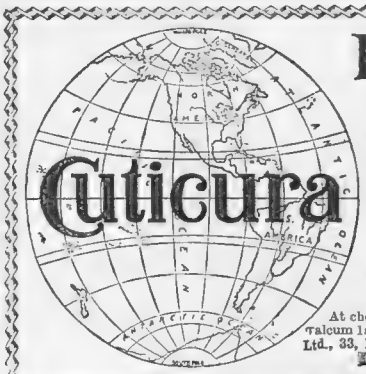

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Before the Mirror

By MIMOSA

My advice to smart women, who demand the very best results, is to leave most toilet preparations alone. When facial applications are necessary get only the pure ingredients just as they come to the chemist himself. I will tell you in this column from time to time just what to get and how to use it. Do not be persuaded into buying some cheap toilet preparation. Any chemist can supply you with genuine concentrated ingredients, and I know personally that most firms make a speciality of selling original packages of all kinds of pure ingredients, both direct and by post. I can point out to you, however, many useful hints which involve no expense at all.

"Renewing the Complexion."—Yes, the discoloured, faded outer veiling of the complexion must be absolutely removed, and I know of no safe way to do this except to use a little Mercolized Wax, applying it at night like cold cream. The active principle in Mercolized Wax soon absorbs the weakened and devitalised surface which so annoys you, revealing the fresh and beautiful young skin underneath, which is always there only waiting to be freed. The process usually takes about ten days, is quite harmless, and acts so imperceptibly that no one can tell what you are doing.

"Removing Hair."—I always recommend caution in the selection of a hair remover, and therefore suggest that you only use Sipilite, instead of the depilatories you mention. Get about half an ounce from the chemist, and mix a little into a paste with a few drops of water. Applied direct to the superfluous hair, it causes it to wither and die in a few moments, when it can be rubbed off, leaving no trace.

"The Rouge Question."—Complexions of your type never acquire a natural rosy tint, no matter what may be done for them. If you really insist upon a colour, let me dissuade you from your evident inclination to use rouge. A far more refined thing to do is merely to apply a little ordinary Coldcreandum with the finger tips, thus accomplishing the desired result by a means which is not obvious.

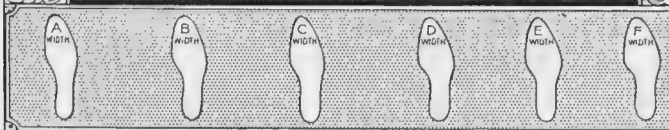
"About Soap."—I should say that your trouble is caused by the soaps you have been trying. Personally, I always recommend a soap called Pilenta, because I have never known it to fail to give satisfaction. It is an absolutely pure, superfatted soap, designed exclusively for use upon delicate skins, and it has the most delightful perfume I have ever found.

"About Shampooing."—Even the best shampoo is somewhat drying, and if your hair is not naturally oily, I suggest that just before the shampoo you apply olive oil thoroughly to the scalp, rubbing it into the hair roots vigorously. Then use pure Stallax for the shampoo. Dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This will leave the hair very clean and glossy.

"Fashionable Figure."—Clynol Berries not only eliminate fat from the body, but also correct the tendency, which is usually constitutional, to create fatty matter. Get a few from your chemist and take as directed.

"Fading Hair."—Tammalite is the most satisfactory drug to restore grey hair to its original colour. Two ounces of the concentrate mixed with about the same quantity of bay rum is all that you require. Non-greasy, it does not stain the scalp or pillow. Apply with a small sponge.

The PHIT Shoe



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OYSTER SOUFFLÉ.
VEAL SOUFFLÉ.
CHEESE SOUFFLÉ.

Fish Soufflé

A QUARTER of a pound of uncooked filleted white fish will be sufficient. Wipe the fish and chop it finely. Melt ½ oz. of butter in a saucepan, add 1 oz. of flour, and stir together, then add ½ gill of milk, and cook until thick. Pound the mixture with two eggs, and rub all through a sieve. Season well, add ½ gill of cream, and pour the mixture into a buttered soufflé tin. The tin should have a fourfold band of paper, about three inches wide, tied round the outside of it so that it is about two inches above the top. Steam till firm, about 40 minutes. Turn out on a hot dish, and coat it with a thick white sauce, and serve.

Oyster Soufflé

Rub through a sieve 4 oz. of whiting or fresh haddock. Make a panada of 1 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour; stir it into the fish and the yolks of two eggs. Beat the whites to a froth, and stir in. Now add six oysters, cut up, and a gill of cream. Put into a soufflé tin, and steam for one and a half hours. Turn out carefully, and pour round a nicely flavoured white sauce.

Veal Soufflé

Dissolve a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and stir in a tablespoonful of flour. Season with cayenne, grated nutmeg and salt. Stir in the *sauté* till thoroughly smooth, and add to it half a pint of finely chopped cooked veal, and heat together. Draw the pan to the side of the fire, and add the beaten yolks of two eggs. When the mixture has cooled add the beaten whites of the eggs. Place in a buttered mould, proceed as in above recipe, and steam for half an hour. Turn out into a silver *entrée* dish, and pour round a white sauce. Garnish the soufflé with truffles, cut into fancy shapes, or with small button mushrooms.

Cheese Soufflé

Mix a teaspoonful of flour smoothly with half a pint of milk, and a little salt and pepper; simmer the mixture over the fire till it is as thick as melted butter. Stir into this 8 oz. of grated cheese, turn it into a basin, and mix with the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and just before the soufflé is baked put them into it, and pour the mixture into a soufflé-dish, which should only be half-filled. Bake for twenty minutes. EMILIA.

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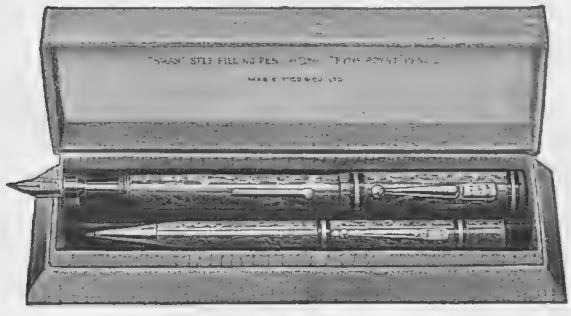

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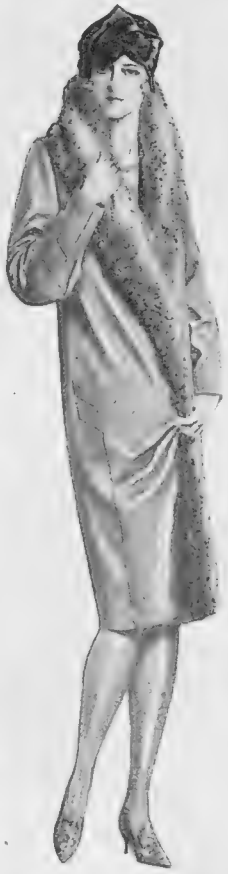

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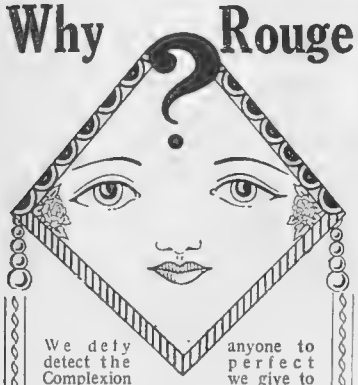

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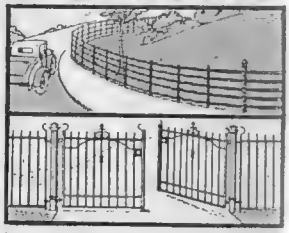

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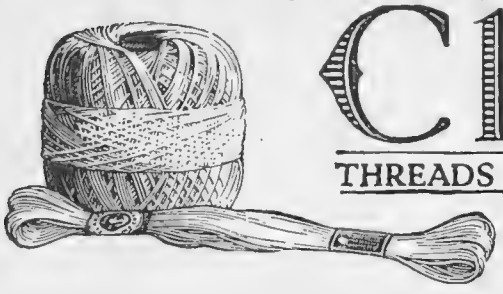

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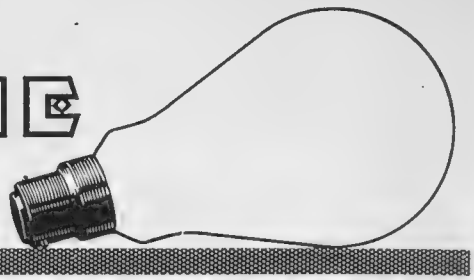

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This exclusive model by HENRY HEATH is carried out in superfine fur-felt, the brim of which is the becoming feature. In all the new season's shades. Sizes: 6½, 6¾, 7, 7¼, 7½. PRICE **30/-**
Look inside the Hat for the Registered Trade Marks.

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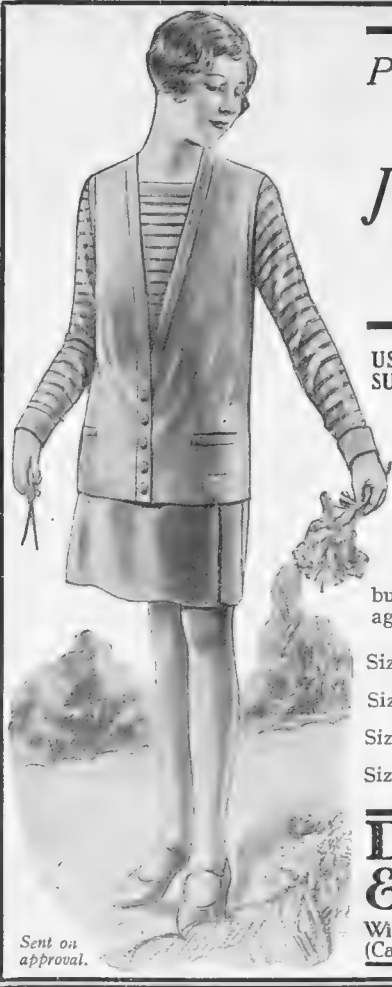

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USEFUL KNITTED JUMPER SUIT in pure wool Botany yarn, with sleeveless cardigan to match; jumper striped throughout in contrasting shades; skirt with deep pleats on left side to give freedom of movement. In shades of grey, fawn, green or burgundy. For young ladies aged 11 to 18 years.

Size for 11 years	95/-
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10th
For the benefit of distressed ex-Service men of all ranks, their dependents, and the widows and children of the fallen.

Any further information will be gladly supplied by Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, EARL HAIG'S (British Legion) APPEAL FUND, 26, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

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Colours: Ivory, Beige, Antelope, Grey.

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OUR FASHION BROCHURE illustrating new Autumn models is now ready, and will be sent post free on request.

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We Pay Carriage and C.O.D. Fees within the British Isles.

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SERVICEABLE KNITTED WEAR FOR YOUNG LADIES

Knitted Wear Department
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Useful Four-piece Suit for girls in soft fine wool. Colours: cherry, fawn, saxe, rose, natural, green Sizes, 26" to 34". Shoulder to hem.

Price **79/6** to **92/6** according to size.

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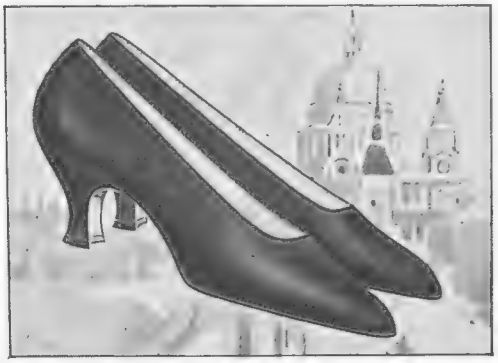

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MONK SHOE in patent leather or brown calf, medium leather heel, suitable for town or country wear.
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Pyjama Suit as sketch or jumper shape. In Artificial Silk **20/-**.
In "Viyella" **29/6**.
Unshrinkable all Wool Nunsveiling **25/9**.
Spun Silk **44/-**.
In a variety of colours.
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Dainty Nunsveiling Nightgown, in pink, nil or ivory, **11/9**.
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REGISTERED
Coats

In "Eiderscutum," Saxonies, Scotch Fleece, Camel Hair, etc. Ready to wear or to order, from 9 Gns. Double-breasted. 8 Gns. Single-breasted. Pure new wool and weatherproof Aquascutum Coats from 6 Gns. Ladies' Coats same prices.

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MEN wonder why we have been selling freely this season a four-piece suit—Jacket, Vest, Trousers and Plus Fours, either ready to wear or made to measure for 6½ guineas, or a three-piece suit for 5 guineas.

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A double-breasted overcoat in smart grey, brown, and fawn pure wool Ulster tweeds.

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OVERCOATS ready to wear or to measure,

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OTHER STYLES of OVERCOATS at

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Fine Felt pull-on Hat with our new "Dolly Varden" brim. Lined silk throughout. Sizes 6½ to 7½. Newest colours. Biscuit, Pink Beige, Beige, Buff, Dark Biege, Brick, Golden Brown, Nigger, Grey, Silver, Apple, Bottle, Wine, Navy, Lido, Black. Price **30/-**

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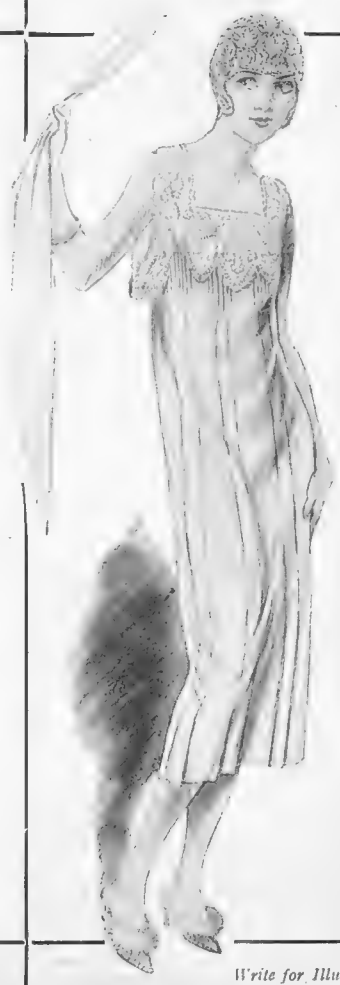

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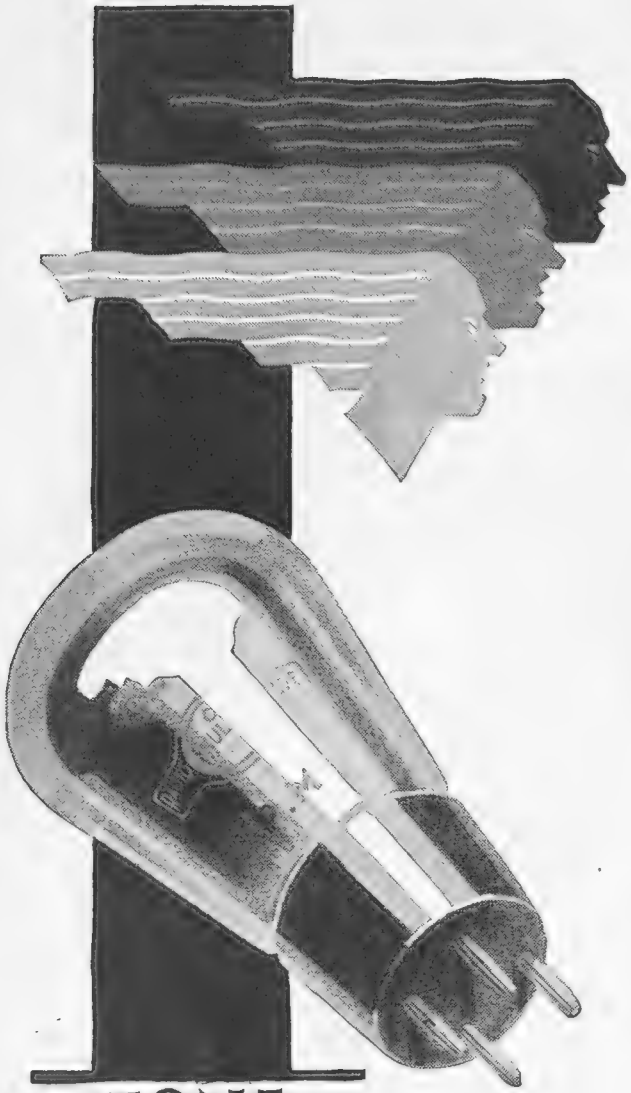

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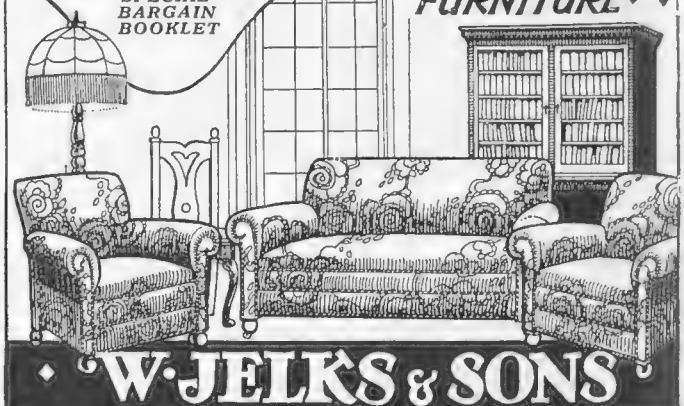

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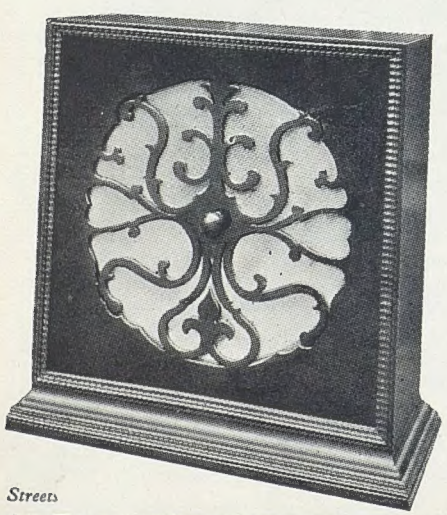

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